"CAPITALS OF THE WORLD" (IV.)—ROME, by G. Boissier. Illustrated. In this Number.

HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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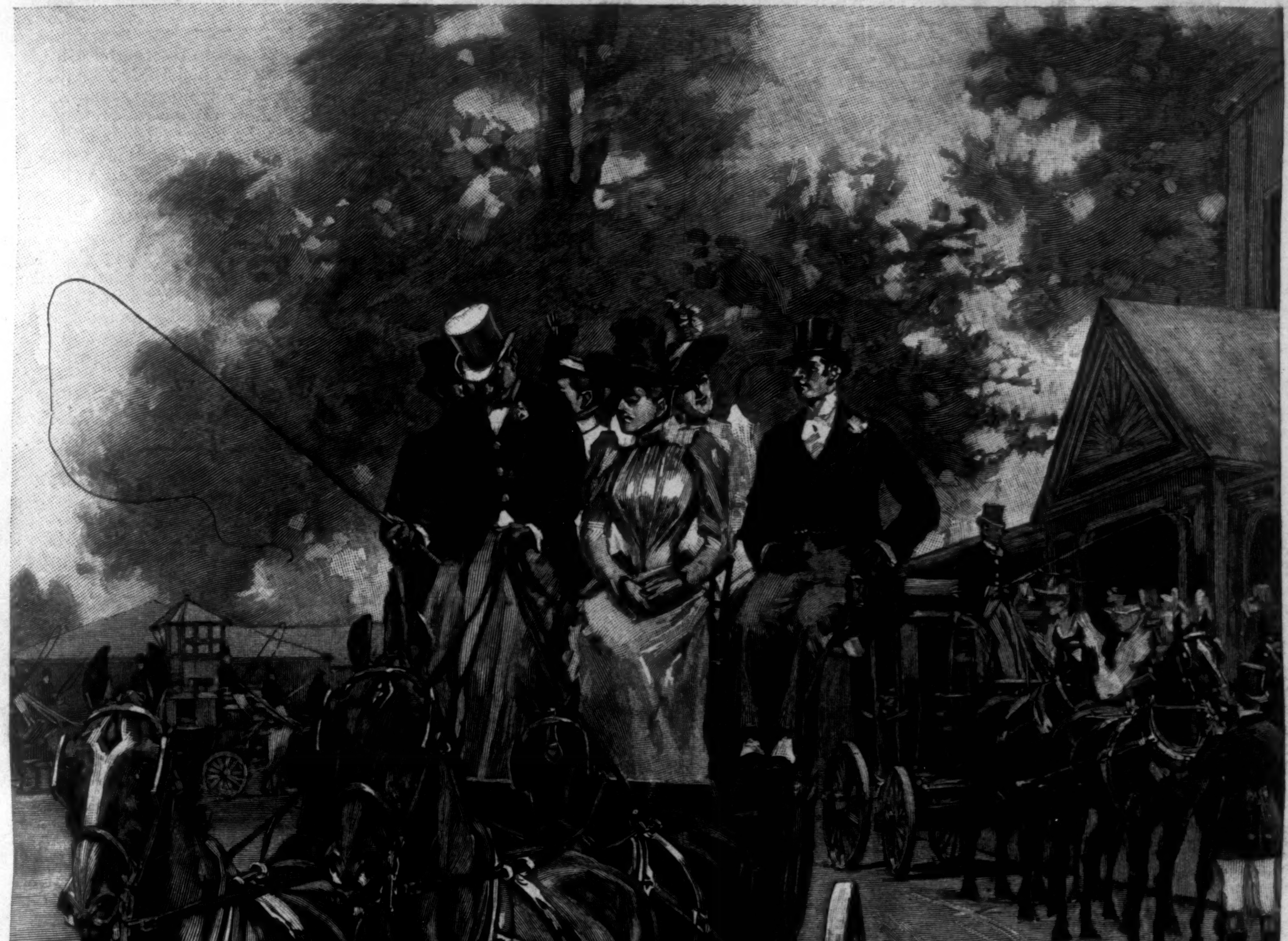

THE NEW YORK COACHING-CLUB MEET—LEAVING CLAREMONT AFTER LUNCHEON.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 550.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY,
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THE WEST FROM A CAR WINDOW.

VIII.—THE HEART OF THE GREAT DIVIDE.

The eighth paper in the series entitled "The West from a Car Window," by Richard Harding Davis, *will be published in the next Number of* Harper's Weekly.

THE SYRACUSE CONVENTION.

THE Convention of the New York State Democracy will meet at Syracuse as this paper is issued. It is an important assembly, because it is a sign of the impatience of intelligent Democrats of the despotism of a party machine. This is its significance, although it is true that the machine despotism has been confirmed and greatly strengthened both by the passive acquiescence and by the active exertion of some of the chief leaders of the Convention. In the election of 1888 Mr. Cleveland was defeated in New York by the bargains which made Mr. Hill Governor. Mr. Hill's cleverness as a politician, which was ludicrously underrated, and his game therefore played, by his opponents within his party and by many independent voters, gave him such complete ascendency that the friends of Mr. Cleveland seemed to be routed before the battle of '92 began. While Mr. Hill was in every way riveting his hold upon the regular party organization, the friends of Mr. Cleveland were neither organized nor active, nor apparently conscious of the situation. They were content to say that of course there was no issue but tariff reform, and upon that issue Mr. Cleveland was the logical Democratic candidate, and would be nominated by acclamation.

This fatuity was so complete that Mr. Cleveland himself appeared last autumn in the State campaign, which was directed against him, as the ally of Mr. Hill and Tammany Hall, and some of the chief leaders of the present State Democracy issued a manifesto to independent voters to show that their objects would be most certainly attained by promoting the supremacy of Mr. Hill and Tammany. The election secured that supremacy, and the Cleveland Democrats placidly awaited the millennium. But the calling of the February Convention revealed to them the fact, which duller men might have perceived, that the Tammany supremacy, which they had joyfully aided, meant the defeat of Mr. Cleveland's nomination. They raised the cry of "snap Convention" and "fraud," and after a formal protest at once proceeded to call another Convention, and to enroll Democratic voters in its support. There is no doubt that they have obtained a large number of names, and that a great body of intelligent Democrats sympathize with the leaders in desiring the nomination of Mr. Cleveland. The Convention at Syracuse will probably take no revolutionary position. Whether in the form of a contesting delegation or a committee of protest, it will propose to submit to the National Convention the fact that its large enrolment shows a most powerful and significant Democratic dissent from the action of the regular State Convention. In other words, it will announce to the nominating Convention in the most emphatic manner that Mr. Hill is not the united choice of Democratic New York.

But underneath the formal respect for party usage, and notwithstanding the professions of acquiescence in the will of the party as manifested in the Convention, the rupture in the Democratic party in New York is the serious and doubtful point in the Democratic prospect. In 1884, with the mugwump support and the Republican alienation of the Conkling contingent, but without open Tammany hostility, Mr. Cleveland barely carried the State. In 1888, with a united party, he lost it. In 1892, after all that has occurred, even to the organization of an opposition to the regular party action, it cannot be said that the party situation in the State is more favorable. The action of the Syracuse Convention would be more important if it meant a determination of Democrats to crush Tammany ascendency and all that the word Tammany now signifies, and to organize under any good name a party which should include the friends of tariff reform, of a sound currency, and of civil service reform. The Convention will be of service so far as it tends to promote the nomination of Mr. Cleveland, but it is only from without, not from within, that parties are reformed.

HARRISON OR —?

The Republican opposition to the nomination of President Harrison has become very imposing. It is evident that some of the leaders who were most efficient in the campaign of 1888 are now most active in their hostility to Mr. Harrison, and the newspapers hum with their interviews and conferences and conversations. Their object is the defeat of the President's nomination, and their apparent plan is the nomination of Mr. Blaine. We say their apparent plan, because they may know that Mr. Blaine will not consent to stand, and they may be using the Blaine enthusiasm only as a mask for their real candidate. The total incredulity of Mr. Blaine's sincerity which is implied by the utter disregard of his declaration that his name would not be submitted to the Convention is less a proof of doubt of his veracity than of the belief of such party leaders as Messrs. Clarkson, Platt, Quay, & Co. that politics are merely a game in which everybody plays in any way for his own hand, and in which truth and honor are not expected, and do not count. They agree with their quondam accomplice Ingalls that morality in politics is an iridescent dream. If Washington or John Quincy Adams had said that his name would not be submitted to a convention, the statement would have been conclusive.

It is now alleged that whether Mr. Blaine meant what he said or did not mean it, his name will be presented, and he will be nominated, and the responsibility of declining, and greatly if not fatally embarrassing his party, will be thrown upon him. This course is defended upon the amusing ground that he will not now say that he actually meant what he said, or, in other words, that he will not gravely say that he is really a man of his word. The leaders do not seem to see that if Mr. Blaine should accept the nomination after his absolute declaration he would be in a ludicrously humiliating position of weakness, strongly confirming what is said of his feeble condition; while if he should decline the nomination for the simple reason that he had given fair and timely notice of his withdrawal, the responsibility for possible party disaster would rest upon those who did not take him at his word. There can be no reasonable doubt that Mr. Blaine believes that as a candidate the excitement of the Presidential campaign might be fatal to him, and that he does not accept the mortifying conclusion which the course of his supposed friends assumes, that his serious and emphatic word is to be disbelieved unless he constantly affirms that it is not a trick.

The assertion that the candidacy of any man is essential to the success of his party is a foolish position for a partisan leader, because it is the acknowledgment that the principles and policy of the party are not approved by the country. Personal reasons may make one candidate stronger than another, but if Mr. Blaine be the only candidate whom the Republicans can elect, it is not because the country approves protection, but because of personal enthusiasm for a protectionist. This is equally true, undoubtedly, of the Democratic party. If the sole issue is tariff reform, and upon that issue no Democratic candidate but Mr. Cleveland can be elected, it is because of personal confidence in him, not because of general preference for tariff reform. The party will make the same declaration upon that subject whoever may be the candidate, and in the case supposed Mr. Cleveland's election would simply show his personal hold upon the country. With Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Blaine as opposing candidates in 1892, the issue would be largely personal, as it was in 1884, but upon different grounds. The issue would be enthusiasm for Mr. Blaine as against confidence in Mr. Cleveland. But it would be impossible to interpret the result of the election as a popular verdict upon protection. Mr. Hiscock regarded the result of the election of 1888 as a mandate to a Republican Congress to pass a high tariff bill. Congress passed it, and the country immediately defeated the Republican party by an unprecedented majority.

THE REFORM VOTE AND THE PROBABLE CANDIDATES.

A correspondent in New England, alluding to our recent statement that the President has added some hundreds of officers to the classified service, but has done so simultaneously with the most flagrant violation of specific pledges to apply those principles to appointments to places which are not within the rules, asks whether President Cleveland did not do the same thing, and whether there could be any more flagrant violation of the spirit and principles of reform than his interference in the election of District Attorney in New York, the difference in his treatment of the District Attorneys in Pennsylvania and Illinois for the same offence, and his abandonment of Maryland and Indiana to a clean sweep of spoils, with various other incidents that are not forgotten. Our correspondent says that he voted for Mr. Cleveland in 1884 because of his pledges of reform, and against him in 1888 because of his violation of those pledges. Thinking that the contest this year will be between Mr. Harrison and Mr. Cleveland, he asks what reason there is for supposing that Mr. Cleveland's second term would not see a repetition of repudiated pledges.

As our correspondent puts the case, he holds that he has equal reason to distrust both candidates upon the subject of reform. If his vote is to be determined solely by that question, he has no more reason to vote for one than for the other. Unless, therefore, he prefers not to vote, or to vote for some third or fourth candidate who may be nominated, his vote must be determined by the degree of his interest in other questions and the general probabilities of the situation. But in considering the comparative fidelity of the two candidates to reform, he will not forget that Mr. Cleveland had behind him no party declaration, and practically no party sentiment, upon the subject, and that even Democratic reformers held, most wrongly, that the long exclusion of their party from office justified some concessions to the spoils spirit. Virtually Mr. Cleveland upon this subject stood alone in his administration, without support in his own party, and with nothing but jeers and hostile incredulity from professed reformers in the Republican party. Undoubtedly he yielded largely to the adverse situation, and his administration, as the National Reform League said in 1887, was not distinctively a reform administration.

Yet our correspondent will not forget that although Mr. Cleveland, as the trustee of his party, did not feel at liberty to do more, yet, with all his shortcomings, he alone prevented the practical extinction of reform during the four years of his term, and, indeed, so strengthened it by his known personal convictions that the Republicans—in order to detach the large reform vote, which, despite President Cleveland's shortcomings, had not lost confidence in him—made the strongest possible pledges to do all that reformers demanded. This is the test by which Mr. Harrison is to be tried. He had behind him what Mr. Cleveland had not, a strong reform sentiment in his party, with the most vehement party declaration for reform, and the most unconditional party pledge to keep its pledges, with his own detailed and specific engagements, some of them made a year or two before in censure of Mr. Cleveland's course. Practically, Mr. Harrison has kept none of these pledges, although the reform, impelled by public opinion, has advanced decidedly during his administration. The great act is that of Secretary Tracy, a reform which is thus far, however, not placed under the law, but remains only his individual rule. The President has sustained the examinations under the law, as Mr. Cleveland did. He has supported the Commission, as Mr. Cleveland did, except that Mr. Harrison has not adopted its most important recommendation—that for the dismissals in Baltimore. He has extended somewhat the classified service, as Mr. Cleveland did. But beyond this, the distinct pledges of the platform and of the President himself have not been fulfilled. While, therefore, neither Mr. Harrison's nor Mr. Cleveland's administration can be called distinctively a reform administration, the reform sentiment in general seems to us to have much more personal confidence in Mr. Cleveland than in Mr. Harrison, and so far as that confidence may determine the votes of the friends of reform, they would be cast for Mr. Cleveland.

IGNORANT ECONOMY.

Mr. Herbert, of Alabama, recently illustrated, in the House of Representatives, the extreme unwisdom of discussion without knowledge. As a stroke of economy, the salary of Professor Marsh, of New Haven, was stricken out of the provision for the Geological Survey, and in the course of remarks ridiculing appropriations for certain scientific publications, Mr. Herbert said:

> "I was stating, Mr. Chairman, that when investigating this subject years ago I happened to discover two books, both of which were published at the expense of the government of the United States, one called *Odontornithæ*, a word composed of two Greek words, *odons-odontos*, a tooth, and *ornithos*, a bird, which in plain English means birds with teeth. That was published with very extensive and expensive illustrations. A year or two afterwards that same book, with very few changes, was published again by this same government, and it was then called *Birds with Teeth*."

Professor Marsh, in a letter upon the subject, says:

> "This refers especially to my monograph on Odontoroithes (volume vii., Survey of the Fortieth Parallel), and to a subsequent article in the annual Report of the Geological Survey for 1881–'82. For the entire preparation of the first volume (involving several years' work and several thousand dollars of my own money) I received no compensation whatever. Moreover, the illustrations mentioned were furnished at my own expense, and cost the Survey nothing....
>
> "In the preparation of my monograph on the Dinocerata (volume x. of the United States Geological Survey) I again expended several thousand dollars of my own money. I also paid for the entire composition of the volume, and electrotyping its pages, and presented the electrotypes of the whole work to the government. This may be extravagance on my part, but the government has not suffered thereby.
>
> "My connection with government work was not of my own

seeking, but since I have been on the Geological Survey I have given my whole time to its service, and have received no salary from any other source. Moreover, although my own means are limited, I have expended on the work in hand the greater part if not all the salary received from the Survey. Let me add that the pecuniary value alone of the vertebrate fossils I have collected for the government far exceeds the amount expended on my division of the Geological Survey."

Mr. Outhwaite, as he read the letter, said, most truly:

> "As a lover of science he has accepted this position; as a lover of science he has devoted about all the salary he has received to promoting science and to promoting the scientific investigation of these subjects in this country. He stands at the head of his profession in the world. He has the high ambition to make a name and a fame that will be lasting. He does not seem to care for money; but he has been willing to devote his time, his life, together with the money he has received from the government and his own private means, to carry on this work. I simply thought it was due to him that these incontrovertible facts should be known by this Congress when we come to vote here on the question whether this bureau shall be discontinued."

Public economy does not consist in refusing to spend money, but in expending it wisely.

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS AT SEA.

If Secretary Rusk should receive the Republican nomination for the Presidency, he could prefer one claim at least to the sympathy and support of the benevolent and agricultural interests. The Secretary states that since the agitation began, ten months ago, in regard to the cruel treatment of animals at sea, the department has reduced the amount of deaths among cattle at sea from 16 per cent. to 1 per cent. on $25,000,000 worth exported annually, a saving of $3,750,000 worth of cattle annually.

The Secretary may justly claim credit for such an admirable result, unless the credit be due more precisely to those who have brought the subject to public attention. Mr. W. H. Ballou wrote to the President a year ago, urging a joint arrangement of maritime nations for the punishment of the cruelty to which animals are exposed at sea. It is hard enough that they should depend upon human care on land, where they are the helpless victims of ignorance, passion, carelessness, and fashion. But at sea it is easy to understand how they must suffer.

Mr. Bergh permitted nothing to deter him in his noble work, and Mr. Ballou seems to have impressed the government. The President referred his communication to the State Department, and Secretary Blaine replied that "while it is not seen that effective action can be taken under existing law, the importance of the subject is recognized, as is the advantage of some decisive action in regard thereto; and it is suggested that, with your familiarity with the facts and that of others who have especially interested themselves in the subject, the matter might be presented by you to the consideration of Congress." Mr. Lincoln reports from London that Great Britain is not inclined to surrender jurisdiction over subjects accused of such cruelty, and Mr. Cummings, of New York, will bring the subject to the consideration of Congress. It ought not to be difficult to agree upon a consular court for the redress of such offences.

THE PRINTERS' HOME.

Mr. George W. Childs, the untiring doer of good works, has added to the list of his benefactions his joint liberal aid with Mr. Drexel in the erection of the Printers' Home at Colorado Springs, which was recently opened under the most encouraging auspices. The friends who contributed a fund, which was increased by the printers to a sum adequate for the erection of a noble building, are men who have accumulated large fortunes by sagacity, industry, and skill, and who are in full sympathy with those who, from any cause, are less fortunate than they.

Their very generous gift, seconded by the labor of printers everywhere, has secured for worn veterans of the craft a comfortable home, and the common enterprise illustrates a method by which such works may be accomplished in all parts of the country. The result is very much better than if it had been wholly the gift of one man. One of the fundamental principles of intelligent charity is helping others to help themselves. The way to help the boys in the country to organize a ball club is to give as much as they will themselves contribute. The giving which pauperizes is a curse, and not a blessing.

Messrs. Childs and Drexel have left a very pleasant recollection of themselves and their names in Colorado. The feeling of hostility between accumulated and accumulating riches, for such are what are called capital and labor, is due to the abuse of fortune, not to its mere possession. Nobody grudged Peter Cooper his wealth; nobody grudges Mr. Childs or Mr. Drexel his; and the secret of the good feeling is not far to find.

GENERAL GRANT AND A THIRD TERM.

The alleged letter of General Grant to Mr. Conkling which was recently published may have expressed views which General Grant then held, but it does not seem to be a letter which he wrote as it is printed. There is a certain literary quality in the printed letter which is unlike General Grant. Moreover, his views of a third term had changed greatly in 1880 from those that he held in 1875, if the letter be genuine.

In the latter year he wrote to General Harry White, of Pennsylvania:

> "Now for the third term, I don't want it any more than I did the first. I would not write or utter a word to change the will of the people in expressing and having their choice. The question of the number of terms allowed to any one Executive can only come up fairly in the shape of a proposition to amend the Constitution—a shape in which all political parties can participate, fixing the length of term or the number of terms for which any one person shall be eligible for the office of President. Until such an amendment is adopted, the people cannot be restricted in their choice by resolution further than they are now restricted as to age, nativity, etc. It may happen in the future history of the country that to change an Executive because he has been eight years in office will prove unfortunate, if not disastrous. The idea that any man could elect himself President, or even renominate himself, is preposterous. It is a reflection upon the intelligence and patriotism of the people to suppose such a thing possible. Any man can destroy his chances for the office, but no one can force an election, or even a nomination.... I would not accept a nomination if it were tendered, unless it should come under such circumstances as to make it an imperative duty—circumstances not likely to arise."

In 1880, in the alleged letter to Mr. Conkling, General Grant says:

> "There have been exigencies that warranted a second term, but I do not believe that the best interests of the country's good ever demanded a third term, or ever will. I had my doubts even as to the advisability of a second term, and you know I have so expressed myself to you in our confidential talks.... I feel that to be a candidate or accept the nomination for a third term would be ingratitude, and would eventually affect me with the people who have loved me and whom I love."

This is a wholly different view and feeling from that expressed in the White letter. It is, indeed, a reason for supposing the Conkling letter to be authentic, that if it had been written as an imposture, it would have explained that he had changed his view. But notwithstanding that probability, the letter as printed is not one that has an authentic air.

THE NATIONAL FLOWER.

A correspondent in Texas begs Harper's Weekly not to permit itself to aid in raising the golden-rod "to the position of the national emblem, a flower whose distinctive claim is that it stands for and represents gold.... How would that differ from erecting as an object of worship another golden calf? Doesn't America worship gold enough now that we must needs make it a subject 'of sermon and of song'?" Still more fervently our correspondent adds, "In what way is an exclusively wild flower (human wildness is savagery), with no better claim than a lofty self-assertion (which in the human creature is called brass) and a golden crown, the best representative of the best America?

"Suppose," says our kindling scribe—"suppose we should send a Comanche brave, with buckskin leggings, skin blanket, and full feather head-dress, and a face resplendent with paint, to the court of St. James as the accredited representative of the United States. If, then, he should pin to his blanket a tassel of golden-rod with a native thorn, he would be a typical representative of the America of 1492; but how about the four-hundredth anniversary, and the year of the great Columbian World Exposition? Does it occur to you that a man like Henry W. Longfellow or James Russell Lowell, with a pansy in his button-hole, would be a rather better representative? Will it be any easier for journals like Harper's Weekly to resist the unfeeling power of wealth after we have exalted to the highest place of worship another golden calf, without even a claim to good-breeding or the refining influence of civilization?"

This is plainly a friend of the pansy, and therefore of a lovely flower. The arraignment of the golden-rod, however, is very startling. But that flower, beloved of children who know not Midas, and lavishly cheering the landscape with a color not unknown to the stars, may be held innocent until proved guilty; while Lowell himself, in his way, seems to have pleaded for the golden-rod in a word which describes its guiltless splendor:

> "Dear common flower that grow'st beside the way,
> Fringing the dusty road with harmless gold."

CORRUPT PRACTICES LAW.

Just in the degree that spoils and party spirit breed political corruption, the activity of reform redoubles. The crusade against spoils and ballot reform legislation have accomplished much, and the reckless enemies of honest government continually find themselves confronted with its untiring friends. Those friends have matured the State civil service reform and ballot reform laws, and in Massachusetts they have succeeded in introducing into the Legislature a corrupt practices bill, of whose favorable consideration they are sanguine.

It provides for sworn accounts in detail of all money expended by political candidates and committees and agents. This provision is carefully drawn, and is made as comprehensive as practicable, including every unfulfilled promise or liability, and all with the most copious and complete personal information. Upon petition of five qualified voters, courts may compel the filing of statements after election, or the correction of defective returns. Proper penalties are provided for violations of the law.

The bill seems to be carefully guarded, and to be sure of creating wholesome apprehension on the part of offenders. If Messrs. Quay and Wanamaker had known that an honest and detailed accounting would be required of that celebrated fund collected for "legitimate expenses" in the last campaign, the amount might have been smaller, and the disposition different. No law will abolish corruption. Wendell Phillips said of a certain other law, "it will not abolish drunkenness, but it will make it much more difficult to get drunk."

PERSONAL.

The funeral of the late James Ripley Osgood, which occurred on the 23d of May, was attended by a numerous assemblage of persons eminent in literature, art, and public life. Among those present were William Black, Thomas Hardy, James Payn, William Sharp, Alma-Tadema, Edwin A. Abbey, George du Maurier, George Boughton, A.R.A., John Pettie, R.A., Colin Hunter, A.R.A., J. Pierpont Morgan, Lord Francis Hope, and many representatives of the great publishing houses in London and New York. The interment was in the cemetery at Kensal Green, London, the grave being on a grassy knoll in the most beautiful part of the grounds.

—From a clerk's desk in a French railroad office, where he tried his unpractised hand at comic sketches for the company's advertisements in the local newspapers, the late Alfred Grévin rose to the front rank of Parisian caricaturists. For though his work may not have equalled Gavarni's in merit, it was but little inferior in invention and in drollery. Grévin's pencil was especially facile in portraying the rich parvenu, and in satirizing the fashionable follies of the high life of the *faubourgs*, and he had the gift, peculiarly appreciated in Paris, of depicting with delicacy subjects of great indelicacy. He was sixty-six years old at the time of his death, but his mind had long outlived his body, he having been for some years physically feeble from paralysis.

—General Longstreet lives in what is denominated a "white-pine bandbox of a house," not far from the ruins of his fine old mansion in central Georgia, which was destroyed by fire a few years ago. The house he now occupies is perched on a hill facing the Blue Ridge Mountains, the view of which is one of unsurpassed beauty. The old Confederate chieftain is now seventy-two years of age and a man of patriarchal aspect. His hair and whiskers are white as snow, his face ruddy, and his figure tall and erect. He is deaf as the result of a bullet wound, and one of his arms is disabled. He lives a life of primeval simplicity, going to bed early, and rising at five in the morning to walk in his vineyard.

—William H. Vanderbilt, who died on the 23d of May, was the eldest son of Cornelius Vanderbilt, and had but recently completed his twenty-first year. At Yale College, where he was a student in high standing, and where he would have graduated in 1893, he had won a deserved popularity. Heartily interested in college athletics, his work in rowing and on the polo field was well known, and in his Sophomore year he had given $5000 towards the equipment of the new gymnasium at Yale. He was the favorite grandson of the first William H. Vanderbilt, who left him a legacy of $1,000,000, to be paid to him upon the completion of his thirtieth year, but the income of which he was to receive after attaining his majority.

—Justice Lamar may frequently be seen at the market in Washington in the early morning buying for his household. He is always accompanied by a body-servant carrying a basket. Judge Lamar is said to have grown very visibly older during the past year. His hair, once long and black, is now almost white, and is worn close-cropped, while his face has lost its swarthiness and acquired a pallor. He has become much enfeebled by his recent illness, which for a time occasioned great apprehension among his friends.

—M. Maurice Barrès, whose philosophical romances are making him one of the lights of literary Paris, is, to judge from his portraits, a singularly homely man, at least in face. In figure he is tall and slender, and is distinguished-looking, it is said, though the term is somewhat vague. He is a native of Lorraine, and has been for some years in the French capital, where he is familiarly known by the nickname of "Mademoiselle Renan," in recognition of the metaphysical tendencies of his writings. His best-known book is *Le Jardin de Bérénice*. Unlike most French authors, M. Barrès is acquainted with modern English literature, for which he has a strong liking.

—The first painting ever sent to the Paris Salon of the artist Bouguereau still hangs on the wall of his studio, as he has never been disposed to part with it. It represents the Biblical subject of the murder of Abel by Cain, and though it was accepted by the committee, the artist had an amusing experience in learning the fact of his good fortune. He searched the Salon catalogue in vain for his name, and while he was in the throes of disappointment a friend apprised him of his success. A reperusal of the catalogue showed him that the compositors had transformed his name into "Bongueran."

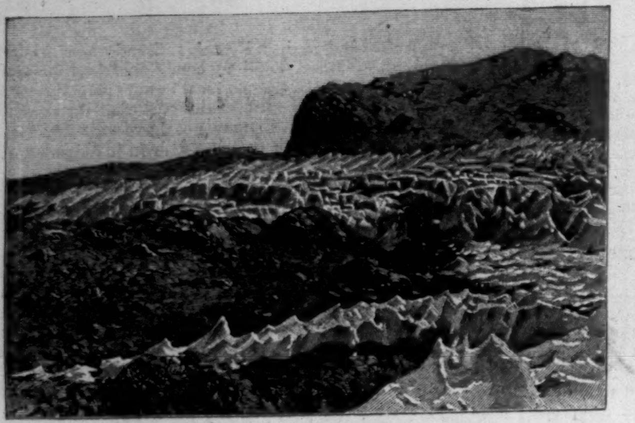
—The late Hugo von Kleist-Retzow was the leader of the Prussian House of Lords twenty years ago. He was a fine specimen of the uncompromising Tory, stubborn in opposition to innovation, and vigorous in defence of old ways and old customs, and he was long a powerful foe of Prince Bismarck. His personality was most interesting. Though seventy-eight years old, he had the mental and physical freshness of youth; and though his hair was white, his eyes flashed with the fire of energy. He dressed in black broadcloth, and was once described as a mediæval baron transplanted into the nineteenth century.

—Queen Victoria was seventy-three years old last week, and on June 20th she will have reigned fifty-five years. Her excellent, if not robust, health gives every promise that she will round out the century as Queen and Empress. The story of the scene when the news was brought her of her accession to the throne is interesting. The King died at Windsor, and messengers were at once despatched to Kensington to inform her of the event. It was midnight when the sleeping Queen was awakened, and she came at once into the room to meet the messengers, attired in a white night-gown, with a shawl thrown over her shoulders, her nightcap off, and her feet in slippers. She was then a slender girl, pale but pretty. Two years later she became the bride of Prince Albert.

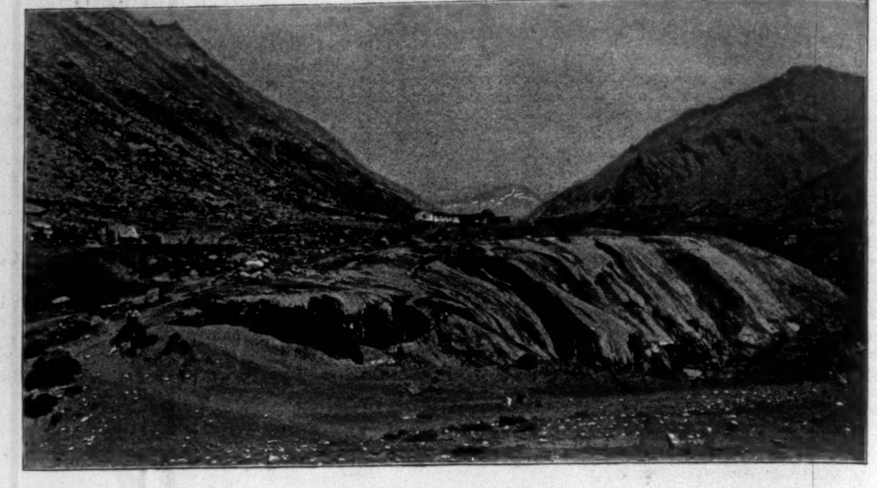
—John E. Roll, an aged resident of Springfield, Illinois, is entitled to vicarious greatness as the only survivor of the men who helped Abraham Lincoln build the famous flatboat which the future President piloted down the Illinois and Mississippi rivers. Mr. Roll was at one time very wealthy. He possesses several interesting relics of Lincoln, besides an inexhaustible fund of stories about him.

—Mr. Edward Skillin, who died recently, was connected with the Central National Bank of this city since its organization, nearly thirty years ago, and during the last eighteen years was its cashier. His faithfulness and integrity were well known, and had won for him the esteem and confidence of not only his business associates, but of all others with whom he was brought in contact.

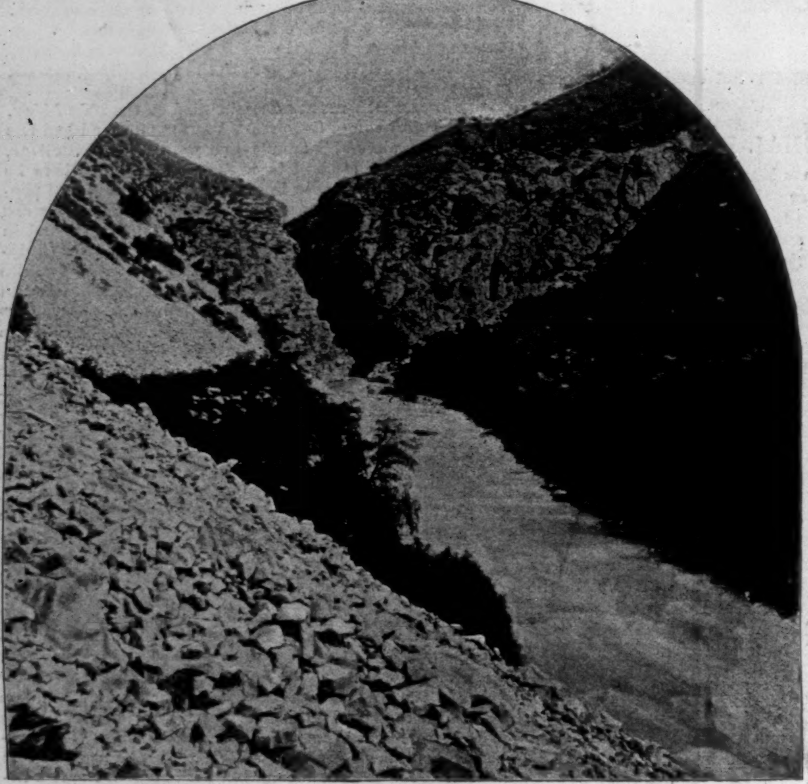
—The Queen of Italy, once one of the most beautiful girls in the kingdom, is now one of its handsomest women. She is bright and witty in conversation, and learned, with a leaning toward blue-stockingism, but without pedantry. She is universally admired and loved by her subjects, and the attachment King Humbert has for her is a rare example of conjugal devotion in a royal household.



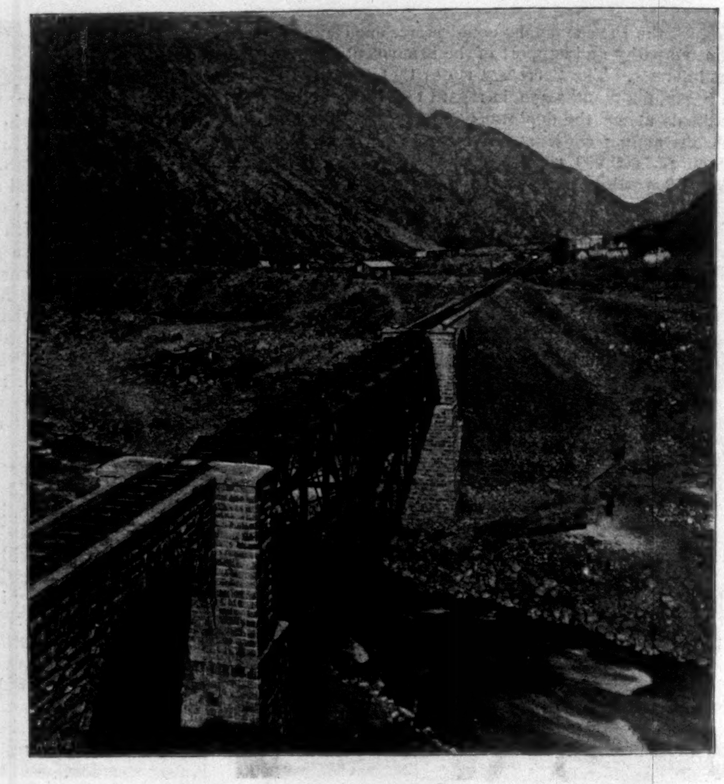
CUMBRE DE LA CORDILLERA.
Highest Point in the Andes. Where the Railroad will run through the Tunnel.



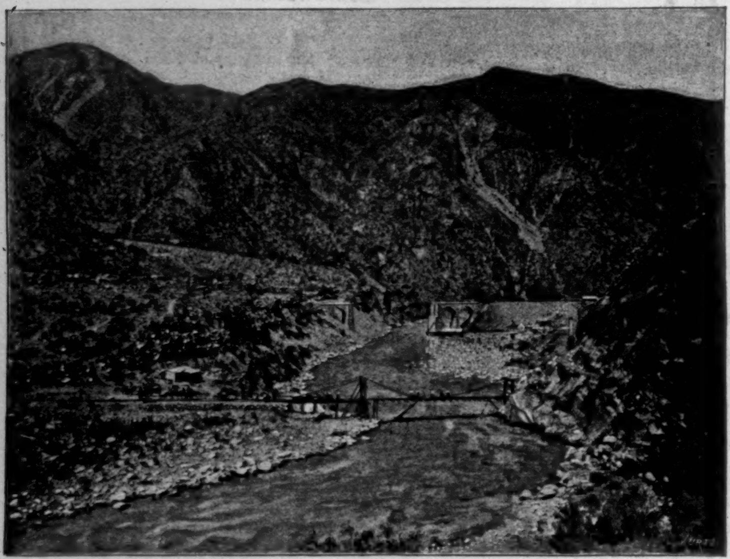
THE FAMOUS BAÑOS DE LOS INCAS—IN THE HEART OF THE ANDES.



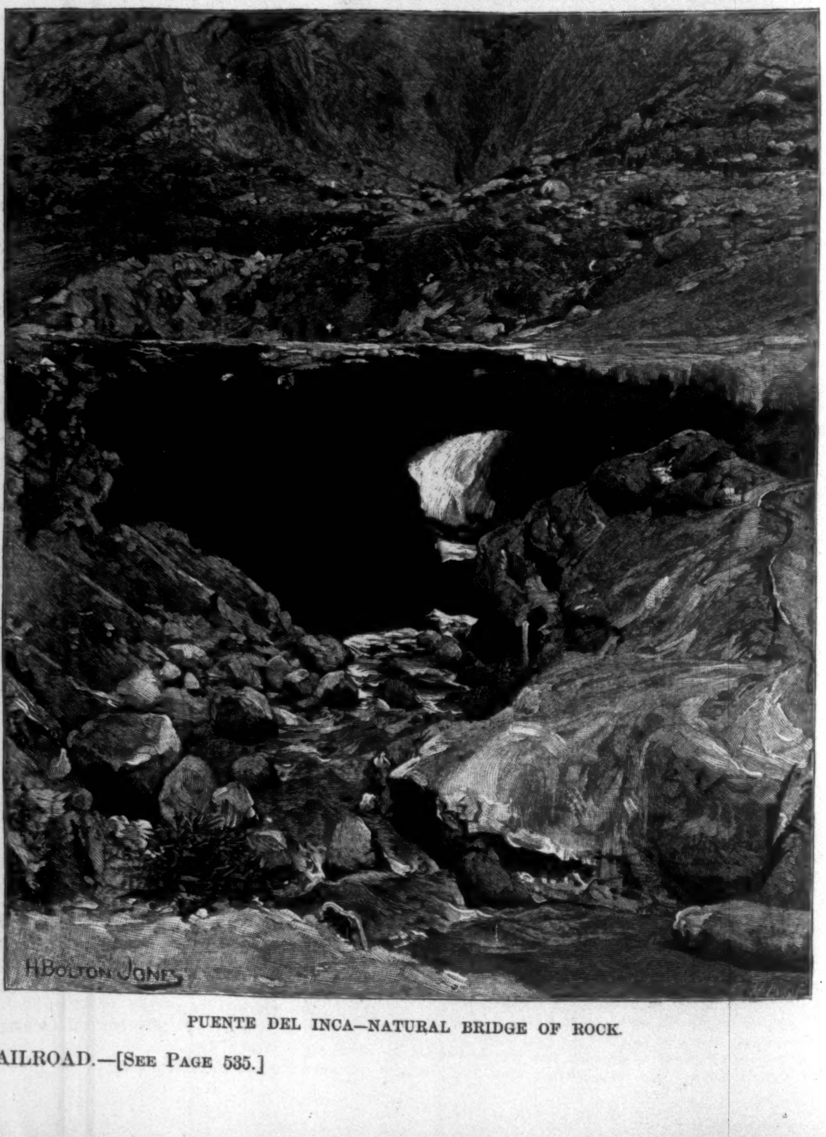
EL SALTO DEL SOLDADO, OR THE SOLDIER'S LEAP.



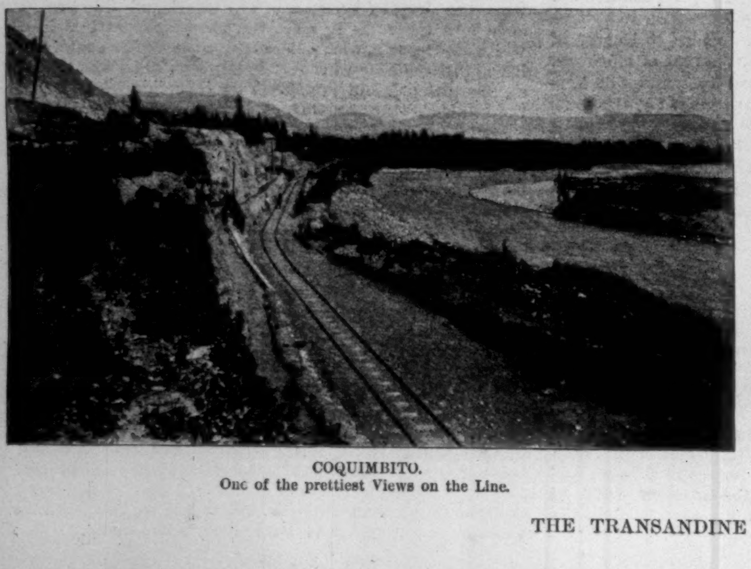
PUENTE DE LOS BAÑOS.



PUENTE DE LOS BAÑOS Y PUENTE PROVISORIO.

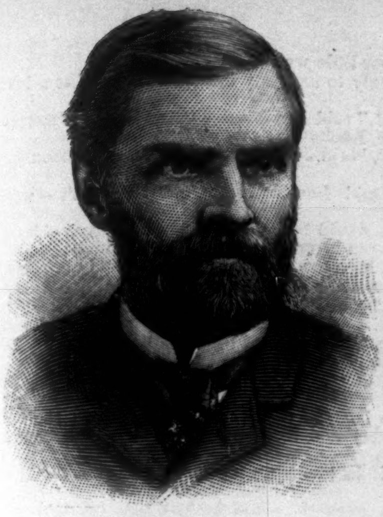


PUENTE DEL INCA—NATURAL BRIDGE OF ROCK.

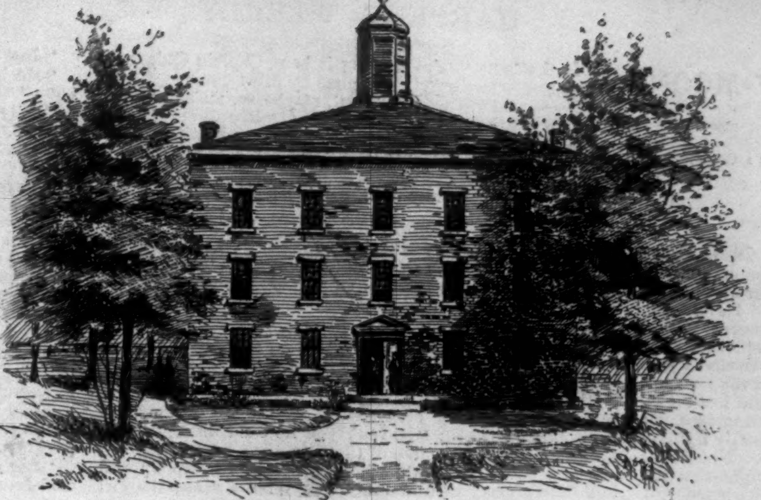


COQUIMBITO.
One of the prettiest Views on the Line.

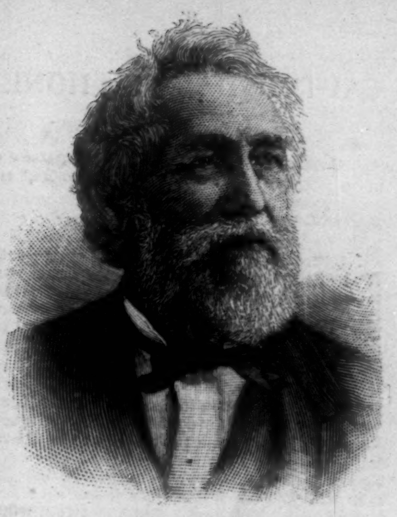
THE TRANSANDINE RAILROAD.—[SEE PAGE 535.]



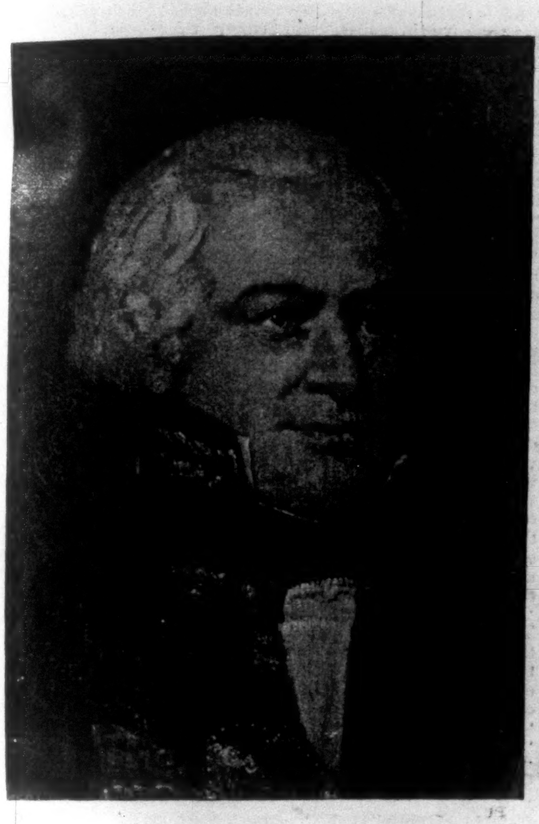
THOMAS SPEED,
Secretary of the Filson Club.



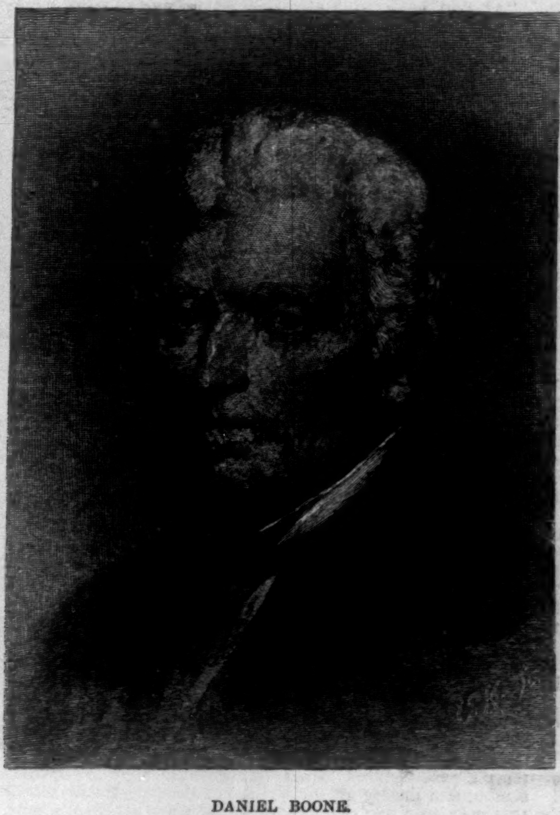
FIRST (PERMANENT) STATE-HOUSE, FRANKFORT, KENTUCKY.
Built 1793-4, and destroyed by fire November 25, 1813.



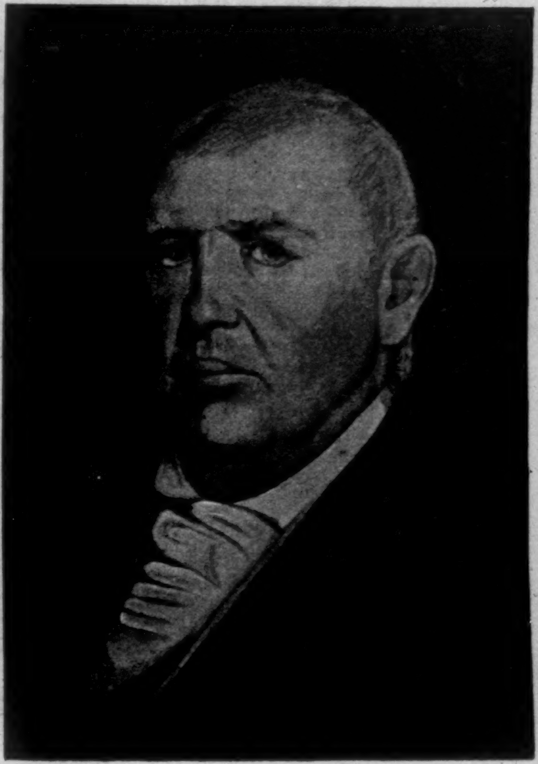
COLONEL R. T. DURRETT,
President of the Filson Club.



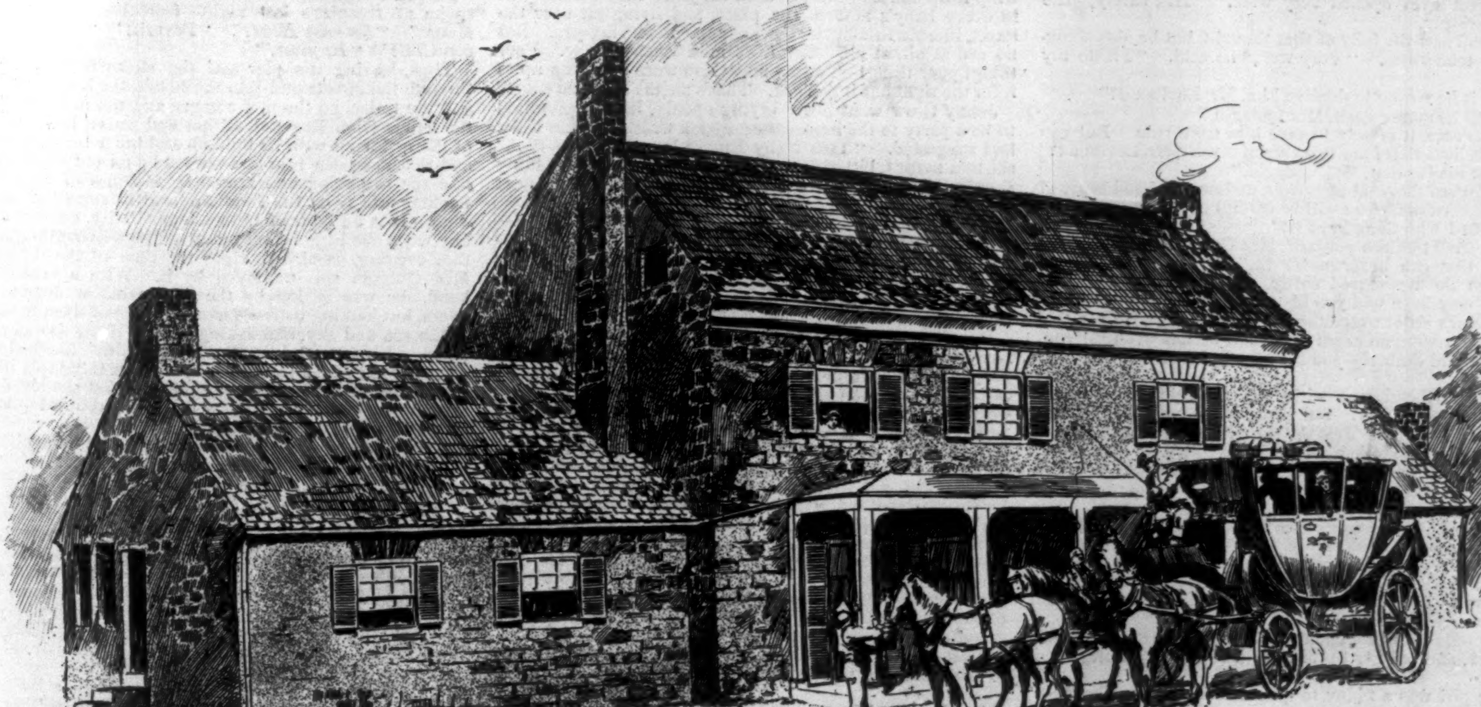
GENERAL JAMES WILKINSON.
Photographed from a Picture by an unknown artist, but supposed to be by West.



DANIEL BOONE.
Photographed from a Picture by Harding, owned by R. T. Durrett.



ISAAC SHELBY,
The first Governor of Kentucky. Photographed from a Picture by Jouett, owned by R. T. Durrett.



TRAVELLERS' REST—THE HOME OF ISAAC SHELBY.
Built in 1783 in Lincoln County, Kentucky. Photographed from a Picture taken for R. T. Durrett, 1883, when the house was 100 years old.

THE KENTUCKY CENTENNIAL.—[SEE PAGE 546.]

CAPT'N DAVY'S HONEY-MOON.

BY HALL CAINE,

AUTHOR OF "THE DEEMSTER," "THE SHADOW OF A CRIME," "SHE'S ALL THE WORLD TO ME," ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

NEXT day Lovibond saw Mrs. Quiggin at Castle Mona. He had come at once in obedience to her summons, and she took his sympathies by storm. It was hard for him to realize that he had not seen her somewhere before. He *had* seen her—in his own description of the girl in church, helped out, lead on, directed, vivified, and transfigured by Capt'n Davy's own impetuous picture, just as the mesmerist sees what he pretends to show by aid of the eye of the mesmerized. There she sat, like one for whom life had lost its savor. Her great slow eyes, her pale and quivering face, her long deep look as she took his hand, and her softly tightening grasp of it, went through him like a knife. Not all his loyalty to Capt'n Davy could crush the thought that the man who had thrown away a jewel such as this must be a brute and a blockhead. But the sweet woman was not so lost to life that she did not see her advantage. There were some weary sighs, and then she said:

"I am in great, great trouble about my husband. They say he is wasting his money. Is it true?"

"Too true," said Lovibond.

"And that if he goes on as he is now going, he will be penniless?"

"Not impossible," said Lovibond, "provided the mad fit lasts long enough."

"Is remonstrance quite useless, Mr. Lovibond?"

"Quite, Mrs. Quiggin."

The great slow eyes began to fill, and Lovibond's gaze to seek the laces of his boots.

"It is sorrow enough to me, Mr. Lovibond, that my husband and I have quarrelled and parted, but it will be the worst grief of all if some day I should have to think that I came into his life to wreck it."

"Don't blame yourself for that, Mrs. Quiggin. It will be his own fault if he ruins himself."

"You are very good, Mr. Lovibond."

"Your husband will never blame you, either."

"That will hardly reconcile me to his misfortunes."

("The man's an ass," thought Lovibond.)

"I shall not trouble him much longer with my presence here," Mrs. Quiggin continued; and Lovibond looked up inquiringly. "I am going back home soon," she added. "But if, before I go, some friend would help me to save my husband from himself—"

Lovibond rose in an instant. "I am at your service, Mrs. Quiggin," he said, briskly. "Have you thought of anything?"

"Yes. They tell me that he is gambling, and that all the cheats of the island are winning from him."

"Well?"

The pale face turned very red, and quivered visibly about the lips. "I have heard him say, when he has spoken of you, Mr. Lovibond, that—that— But will you forgive what I am going to tell you?"

"Anything," said Lovibond.

"That out on the coast *you* could win from anybody. I remembered this when they told me that he was gambling, and I thought if you would play against my husband—for *me*—"

"I see what you mean, Mrs. Quiggin," said Lovibond.

"I don't want the money, though he was so cruel as to say I had only married him for sake of it. But you could put it back into Dumbell's Bank day by day as you got it."

"In whose name?" said Lovibond.

The great eyes opened very wide. "His, surely," she said, falteringly.

Lovibond saw the folly of that thought, but he also recognized its tenderness. "Very well," he said. "I'll do my best."

"Will it be wrong to deceive him, Mr. Lovibond?"

"It will be mercy itself, Mrs. Quiggin."

"To be sure, it is only to save him from ruin. But you will not believe that I am thinking of myself, Mr. Lovibond?"

"Trust me for that, Mrs. Quiggin."

"And when the wild fit is over, and my husband hears of what has been done, you will be careful not to let him know that it was I who thought of it?"

"You shall tell him yourself, Mrs. Quiggin."

"Ah! that can never, never be," she said, with a sigh. And then she murmured softly, "I don't know what my husband may have told you about me, Mr. Lovibond—"

Lovibond's ardor overcame his prudence. "He has told me that you were an angel once, and he has wronged you, the dunce and dulbert—you are an angel still."

While Lovibond was with Mrs. Quiggin, Jenny Crow was with Capt'n Davy. She had clutched at his invitation with secret delight. "Just the thing!" she thought. "Now won't I give the other simpleton a piece of my mind, too?" So she had bowled off to Fort Ann with a heart as warm as toast and a tongue that was stinging hot; but when she had got there, her purpose had suddenly changed. The first sight of Capt'n Davy's face had conquered her. It was so childlike, and yet so manly, so strong, and yet so tender, so obviously made for smiles, like sunshine, and yet so full of the memories of recent tears! Jenny recalled her description of the sailor on the Head, and thought it no better than a vulgar caricature.

Davy wiped down a chair for her with the outside of his billycock, and led her up to it with rude but natural manners.

"The girl was a ninny to quarrel with a man like this," she thought. Nevertheless she remembered her purpose of making him smart, and she stuck to her guns for a round or two.

"It's rael nice of you to come, ma'am," said Davy.

"It's more than you deserve," said Jenny.

"I shouldn't wonder but you think me a blundering blocket," said Davy.

"I didn't think you had sense enough to know it," said Jenny.

With that second shot Jenny's powder was spent. Davy looked down into her face and said,

"I'm terr'ble onaisy about herself, ma'am, and can't take rest at nights for thinking what's to come to her when I am gone."

"Gone?" said Jenny, rising quickly.

"That's so, ma'am," said Davy. "I'm going away—back to that ould Nick's oven I came from, and I'll want no money there."

"Is that why you're wasting it here, Captain Quiggin?" said Jenny. Her gayety was gone by this time.

"No—yes! Wasting? Well, maybe so, ma'am, maybe so. It's the way with money. Comes like the droppings out of the spout at the gable, ma'am; but goes like the tub when the bull has tipped it. Now I was thinking, ma'am—"

"Well, Captain?"

"She won't take any of it, coming from me, but I was thinking, ma'am—"

"Yes?"

Davy was pawing the carpet with one foot, and Jenny's eyes were creeping up the horn buttons of his waistcoat.

"I was thinking, ma'am, if you could take a mossle of it yourself before it's all gone, and go and live with her—you and she together somewheres—some quiet place—and make out somehow—women's mortal clever at rigging up yarns that do no harm—make out that somebody belonging to you is dead—it can't kill nobody to say that, ma'am—and left you a bit of a fortune out of hand—" Davy's restless foot was digging away at the carpet while he was stammering out these broken works: "Haven't you no ould uncle, ma'am, that would do for the like of that?"

Jenny had to struggle with herself not to leap up and hug Capt'n Davy then and there. "What a ninny the girl was!" she thought. But she said aloud, as well as she could for her throat that was choking her, "I see what you mean, Captain Quiggin. But, Captain—"

"Ma'am?" said Davy.

"If you have so much thought (*gulp, gulp*) for your wife's welfare (*gulp*), you must love her still (*gulp, gulp*)."

"I daren't say no, ma'am," said Davy, with downcast eyes.

"And if you love her, however deeply she may have offended you, surely you should never leave her. Come, now, Captain, forgive and forget; she is only a woman, you know."

"That's just where the shoe pinches, ma'am, so I'm taking it off. Out yonder it 'll be easier to forgive. And if it 'll be harder to forget, what matter?"

Jenny's eyes were beginning to fill.

"No use crying over spilt milk, is it, ma'am? The heartache is a sort of colic that isn't cured by drops."

Jenny was breaking down fast.

"Aw, the heart's a quare thing, ma'am. Got its hunger same as anything else. Starve it, and it 'll know why. Gives you a kind of a sinking at the pit of your stomach, ma'am. Did you never feel it, ma'am?"

Davy's speech was rude enough, but that only made its emotion the more touching to Jenny. Between gulp and gulp she tried to say that if he went away, he would never be happy again.

"Happy, ma'am? D'ye say happy? I'm not happy *now*," said Davy.

"It isn't everybody would think so, Captain," said Jenny, "considering how you spend your evenings—singing and laughing—"

"Laughing! More cry till wool, ma'am, same as clipping a pig."

"So your new friends, Captain, those that your riches have brought you—"

"Friends? D'ye say friends? Them wastrels! What are they? Nothing but a parcel of Betty Quilleash's baby's step-mothers. And I'm nothing but Betty Quilleash's baby myself, ma'am; that's what I am."

The stalwart fellow did not look much like anybody's infant, but Davy could not laugh, and Jenny's eyes were streaming.

"Betty lived at Michael, ma'am, and died when her baby was suckling. There wasn't no feeding-bottles in them days, and the little one was missing the poor dead mawther mortal. But babies is like lammies, ma'am, they've got their season, and mostly all the women of the parish had babies that year. So first one woman would whip up Betty's baby and give it a taste of the breast, and then another would whip it up and do likewise, until the little baby cuckoo was in every baby's nest in the place, and living all over the street, like the rum-butter bowl and the preserving-pan. But no use at all, at all. The little mite wasted away. Poor thing! poor thing! Twenty mawthers wasn't making up to it for the right one it had lost. That's me, ma'am; that's me."

Jenny Crow went away crying openly, having promised to be a party to the innocent deception which Captain Davy had suggested. "That Nelly Kinvig is as hard as a flint," she told herself, bitterly. "I've no patience with such flinty people; and won't I give it her piping hot at the very next opportunity?"

CHAPTER V.

JENNY'S opportunity was a week in coming, and various events of some consequence in this history occurred in the mean time. The first of these was that Capt'n Davy's fortune changed hands.

Davy's savings had been invested in two securities—the Liverpool Dock Trust and Dumbell's Manx Bank. His property in the former he made over by help of the advocates, and with vast show of secrecy, to the name of Jenny Crow; and she, on her part, by help of other advocates, and with yet more real secrecy, transferred it to the name of Mrs. Quiggin. The remains of his possessions in the latter he lost to Lovibond, who gambled with him constantly, beginning with a sovereign, which Mrs. Quiggin had lent him for the purpose, and going on by a process of doubling until the stakes were prodigious. Every night he discharged his debt by check on Dumbell's, and every morning Lovibond repaid it into the same bank to the account of his wife. Thus, within a week, unknown to either of the two persons chiefly concerned, the money which had been the immediate cause of strife between them passed from the offender to the offended, from the strong to the weak.

That was the more material of the changes that had come to pass, and the more spiritual were of still greater consequence.

Lovibond and Jenny met constantly. They made various excursions through the island—to the Tynwald Hill, to Peel Castle, to Castle Rushen, the Chasms, and the Calf. Of course they persuaded each other that these trips were taken solely in the interests of their friends. It was necessary to meet; it was desirable to do so where they would be unobserved; what else was left to them but to steal away together on these little jaunts and journeys?

Then their talk was of love and estrangement and reconciliation, and how easy to quarrel, and how hard to come together again. Capt'n Davy and Mrs. Quiggin provided all their illustrations to these interesting themes, for naturally they never spoke of themselves.

"It's astonishing what geese some people can be," said Jenny.

"Astonishing," echoed Lovibond.

"Just for sake of a poor little word of confession to hold off like this," said Jenny.

"Just a poor little word," said Lovibond.

"He has only to say, 'My dear, I behaved like a brute,' but—"

"Only that," said Lovibond. "And she has merely to say, 'My love, I behaved like a cat,' but—"

"That's all," said Jenny. "But he doesn't—men never do."

"Never," said Lovibond. "And she won't—women never will."

Then there would be innocent glances on both sides, and sly hints cast out as grappling-hooks for jealousy.

"Ah, well, he's the dearest, simplest, manliest fellow in the world, and there are women who would give their two ears for him," said Jenny.

"And she's the sweetest, tenderest, loveliest woman alive, and there are men who would give their two eyes for her," said Lovibond.

"Pity they don't," said Jenny, "for all the use they make of them."

Amid such bouts of thrust and counter-thrust, the affairs of Capt'n Davy and Mrs. Quiggin nevertheless made due progress.

"She's half in love with my Manx sailor on the Head, said Jenny.

"And he's more than half in love with my lady in the church," said Lovibond.

"And now that we've made each of them fond of each other in disguise, we have just to make both of them ashamed of themselves in reality," said Jenny.

"Just that," said Lovibond.

"Ah me!" said Jenny. "It isn't every pair of geese that have friends like us to prevent them from going astray."

"It isn't," said Lovibond. "We're the good old ganders that keep the geese together."

"Speak for yourself, sir," said Jenny.

Then came Jenny's opportunity. She had been out on one of her jaunts with Lovibond, leaving Mrs. Quiggin alone in her room at Castle Mona. Mrs. Quiggin was still in her room, and still alone. Since the separation, a fortnight before, that had been the constant condition of her existence. Never going out, never even going down for her meals, rarely speaking of her husband, always thinking of him, and eating out her heart with pride and vexation and anger and self-reproach.

It was the hour when the life of the island rises to the fever point—the hour of the arrival of the steamers from England. All day long the town had droned and dozed under a drowsy heat. The boatmen and carmen, with both hands in their breeches' pockets, had been burning the daylight on the esplanade; the band on the pier had been blowing music out of lungs that snored between every other blast; and the visitors had been lolling on the seats of the parade and watching the sea-gulls disporting on the bay with eyes that were drawing straws. But the first trail of smoke had been seen across the sea by the point of the light-house, and all the slugs and marmots were wide-awake; promenade deserted, streets quiet, and pothouses empty; but every front window of every front house occupied, and the pier crowded with people looking seaward. "She's the *Snaefell!*" "No, but the *Ben-my-Chree*—see, she has four funnels." Then, the steaming up, the firing of the gun, the landing of the passengers, the mails, and newspapers, the shouting of the touts, the bawling of the porters, the salutations, the welcomes, the passings of the time of day, the rattling of the cars, the tinkling of the trams, and the cries of the newsboys: "This way for Castle Mona!" "Falcon Cliff this way!" "*Echo!*" "*Evening Express!*" "Good passage, John?" "Good." "Five hours?" "And ten minutes." "What news over the water?" "They've caught him." "Never!" "*Express!*" "Fort Ann here—here for Villiers." "Comfortable lodgings, sir." "Take a card, ma'am." "What verdict d'ye say?" "She's got ten years." "Had fine weather in the island?" "Fine." "*Echo! Evening Echo!*" "Fort Ann this way!" "Gladstone in Liverpool?" "Yes; spoke at Hengler's last night—fearful crush." "Castle Mona!" "*Evening News!*" "Peveril!" "This way, Falcon Cliff!" "*Ex-press!*"

Thus, leaving the pier and the steamers behind them, through the streets and into the hotels, the houses, the cars, and the trains, go the new-comers, and the newspapers and the letters from England, all hot and active, bringing word of the mainland, with its hubbub and hurly-burly, to the island that has been four-and-twenty hours cut off from it—like the throbbing and bounding globules of fresh blood fetching life from the fountain-head to some half-severed limb. It is an hour of tremendous vitality, coming once a day, when the little island pulsates like a living thing. But that evening, as always since the time of the separation, Mrs. Quiggin was unmoved by it. With a book in her hand, she was sitting by the open window fingering the pages, but looking listlessly over the tops of them to the line of the sea and sky, and asking herself if she should not go home to her father's house on the morrow. She had reached that point of her reverie at which something told her that she should, and something else told her that she should not, when down came Jenny Crow upon her troubled quiet, like the rush of an evening breeze.

"Such news!" cried Jenny. "I've seen him again."

Mrs. Quiggin's book dropped suddenly to her lap. "Seen him?" she said, with bated breath.

"You remember—the Manx sailor on the Head," said Jenny.

"Oh!" said Mrs. Quiggin, languidly, and her book went back to before her face.

"Been to Laxey to look at the big wheel," said Jenny; "and found the Manxman coming back in the same coach. We were the only passengers, and so I heard everything. Didn't I tell you that he must be in trouble?"

"And is he?" said Mrs. Quiggin, monotonously.

"My dear," said Jenny, "he's married."

"I'm very sorry," said Mrs. Quiggin, with a listless look towards the sea. "I mean," she added, more briskly, "that I thought you liked him yourself."

"Liked him!" cried Jenny. "I loved him. He's splendid; he's glorious; he's the simplest, manliest, tenderest, most natural creature in world. But it's just my luck—another woman has got him. And such a woman, too! A nagger, a shrew, a cat, a piece of human flint, a thankless wretch, whose whole selfish body isn't worth the tip of his little finger."

"Is she so bad as that?" said Mrs. Quiggin, smiling feebly above the top edge of her book, which covered her face up to the mouth.

"My dear," said Jenny, solemnly, "she has turned him out of the house."

"Good gracious!" said Mrs. Quiggin; and away went the book on to the sofa.

Then Jenny told a woful tale, her eyes flashing, her lips quivering, and her voice ringing with indignation. And, anxious to hit hard, she hovered so closely over the truth as sometimes to run the risk of uncovering it. The poor fellow had made long voyages abroad, and saved some money. He had loved his wife passionately; that was the only blot on his character. He always dreamt of coming home, and settling down in comfort for the rest of his life. He had come at last, and a fine welcome had awaited him. His wife was as proud as Lucifer—the daughter of some greengrocer, of course. She had been ashamed of her husband, apparently, and settling down hadn't suited her. So she had nagged the poor fellow out of all peace of mind and body, taken his money, and turned him adrift.

Jenny's audacity carried her through, and Mrs. Quiggin, who was now wide-awake, listened eagerly.

"Can it be possible that there are women like that?" she said, in a hushed whisper.

"Indeed yes," said Jenny; "and men are simple enough to prefer them to better people."

"But, Jenny," said Mrs. Quiggin, with a far-away look, "we have only heard one story, you know. If we were inside the Manxman's house—if we knew all—might we not find that there are two sides to its troubles?"

"There are two sides to its street door," said Jenny, "and the husband is on the outside of it."

"She took his money, you say, Jenny?"

"Indeed she did, Nelly, and is living on it now."

"And then turned him out of doors?"

"Well, so to speak; she made it impossible for him to live with her."

"What a cat she must be!" said Mrs. Quiggin.

"She must," said Jenny. "And, would you believe it, though she has treated him so shamefully, yet he loves her still."

"Why do you think so, Jenny?" said Mrs. Quiggin.

"Because," said Jenny, "though he is always sober when I see him, I suspect that he is drinking himself to death. He said as much."

"Poor fellow!" said Mrs. Quiggin. "But men should not take these things so much to heart. Such women are not worth it."

"No; are they?" said Jenny.

"They have hardly a right to live," said Mrs. Quiggin.

"No; have they?" said Jenny.

"There should be a law to put down nagging wives the same as biting dogs," said Mrs. Quiggin.

"Yes; shouldn't there?" said Jenny.

"Once on a time men took their wives like their horses on trial for a year and a day, and really with some women there would be something to say for the old custom."

"Yes, wouldn't there?" said Jenny.

"The woman who is nothing of herself apart from her husband, and has no claim to his consideration except on the score of his love, and yet uses him only to abuse him, and takes his very money, having none of her own, and still—"

"Did I say she took his money, Nelly?" said Jenny. "Well, of course—not to be unfair—some men are such generous fools, you know—he may have given it to her."

"No matter; taken or given, she has got it, I suppose, and is living on it now."

"Oh yes, certainly, that's very sure," said Jenny; "but then she's his wife, you see, and naturally her maintenance—"

"Maintenance?" cried Mrs. Quiggin. "How many children has she got?"

"None," said Jenny. "At least I haven't heard of any."

"Then she ought to be ashamed of herself for thinking of such a thing."

"I quite agree with you, Nelly," said Jenny.

"If I were a man," said Mrs. Quiggin, "and my wife turned me out of doors—"

"Did I say that, Nelly? Well, not exactly that—no, not turned him out of doors exactly, Nelly."

"It's all one, Jenny. If a woman behaves so that her husband cannot live with her, what is she doing but turning him out of doors?"

"But, Nelly!" cried Jenny, rising suddenly. "What about Captain Davy?"

Then there was a blank silence. Mrs. Quiggin had been borne along on the torrent of her indignation, brooking no objection, and sweeping down every obstacle, until brought up sharply by Jenny's question—like a river that flows fastest and makes most noise where the bowlders in its course are biggest, but breaks itself at last against the brant sides of some impassable rock. She drew her breath in one silent spasm, turned from feverish red to deadly pale, quivered about the mouth, twitched about the eyelids, rose stiffly on her half-rigid limbs, and then fell on Jenny with loud and hot reproaches.

"How dare you, Jenny Crow?" she cried.

"Dare what, my dear?" said Jenny.

"Say that I've turned my husband out of doors, and that I've taken his money, and that I am a cat and shrew, and a nagger, and that there ought to be a law to put me down."

"My dear Nelly," said Jenny, "it was yourself that said so. I was speaking of the wife of the Manx sailor."

"Yes, but you were thinking of me," said Mrs. Quiggin.

"I was thinking of her," said Jenny.

"You were thinking of me as well," said Mrs. Quiggin.

"I tell you that I was only thinking of her," said Jenny.

"You were thinking of me, Jenny Crow; you know you were; and you meant that I was as bad as she was. But circumstances alter cases, and my case is different. My husband is turning *me* out of doors; and as for his money, *I* didn't ask for it, and I don't want it. I'll go back home to-morrow morning. I will—indeed I will. I'll bear this torment no longer."

So saying, with many gasps and gulps, breaking at last into a burst of weeping, she covered her face with both hands, and flounced out of the room. Jenny watched her go, then listened to the sobs that came from the other side of the door, and said, beneath her breath: "Let her cry, poor girl! The crying has to be done by somebody, and it might as well be she. Crying is good for a woman sometimes, but when a man cries, it hurts so much."

Half an hour later, as Jenny was leaving the room for dinner, she heard Mrs. Quiggin telling Peggy Quine to ask at the office for her bill, and to order a carriage to be ready at the door for her at eleven o'clock in the morning.

When the first burst of her vexation was spent, Mrs. Quiggin made a secret and startling discovery. The man whom Jenny Crow had stumbled upon, first on the Head and afterwards on the Laxey coach, could be no one in the world but her own husband. A certain shadowy suspicion of this had floated hazily before her mind at the beginning, but she had dismissed the idea and forgotten it. Now she felt so sure of it that it was beyond contempt of question. So the Manx sailor in whom Jenny had found so much to admire—the simple, brave, manly, generous, natural soul, all fresh air and by rights all sunshine—was no other than Capt'n Davy Quiggin! That thought brought the hot blood tingling to Mrs. Quiggin's cheeks with sensations of exquisite delight, and never before had her husband seemed so fine in her own eyes as now, when she saw him so noble in the eyes of another. But close behind this delicious reflection, like the green blight at the back of the apple blossom, lay a withering and cankering thought. The Manx sailor's wife—she who had so behaved that it was impossible for him to live with her—she who was a cat, a shrew, a nagger, a thankless wretch, a piece of human flint, a creature that should be put down by the law as it puts down biting dogs—she whose whole selfish body was not worth the tip of his little finger—was no one else than herself!

Then came another burst of weeping, but this time the tears were of shame, not of vexation, and they washed away every remaining evil humor, and left the vision clear. She had been in the wrong, and was judged out of her own mouth; but she had no intention of fitting on the cap of the unknown woman. Why should she? Jenny did not know who the woman was—that was plain as a pickle. Then where was the good of confessing?

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE ANDES RAILROAD.

The Transandine Railroad, that, when completed, will connect Chili with the Argentine Republic, is an undertaking of vast extent. The line crosses over and under the gigantic backbone of the South American Continent, and the utmost difficulties have been experienced in building the road up to date. Gorges and clefts, rivers and mountain streams, have been and will eventually be crossed by massive bridges. One of the peculiar features of the line is that a system requiring three rails, the centre one having racked teeth, will be utilized on the heavy grades, some of which are 1 in 12. At the present time the line is open from Santa Rosa de los Andes on the Chilian side as far as Salto del Soldado (the soldier's leap), some twenty-seven kilo, while on the Argentine territory travellers are conveyed direct from Buenos Ayres to Uspallata by rail. There now remains but twenty hours' ride on mule back between the two points. It is expected that the tunnels through the summit will be pierced in two years, and the entire system opened for through traffic six months afterward. Travellers and freight will be brought to and from Buenos Ayres and Valparaiso in five days, thus avoiding the passage by steamer through the Strait of Magellan, and saving eight or nine days' transit. So that a person can be landed at Valparaiso in twenty-five days from Europe, or from New York in thirty days, *viâ* Buenos Ayres.

The line and route of travel passes by the famous Baños de los Incas, in the heart of the Andes. As will be seen by the illustration, the formation is of lava. Sulphur water, hot and cold, and other mineral springs abound in the vicinity of an apology for a hotel, and the weird aspect of the lofty mountains imparts considerable interest to the surroundings. The baths are destined to be well patronized when better facilities exist to reach them. A natural bridge of rock formed by the action of water is one of the finest sights at this point. What is known as the Cumbre is the highest point of the Andes, where the railroad will run through a tunnel. The scenery in this vicinity is sublime. High towering peaks and crests, with eternal snow, overshadow the valley through which the road runs upward, and hardly a scrap of vegetation is visible. Dark forbidding rocks of grayish-green color, serrated and water-worn in furrows, are the surrounding concomitants.

Salto del Soldado is a gorge formed by the river Blanco cutting its way through a spur of the Andes. From the top of the gorge to the water-level is 150 metres. The water passes through a fissure six metres wide, hissing, boiling, and roaring on its way to a junction with the Aconcagua River. From a legend that a Chilian soldier jumped the cleft in order to escape from his Spanish pursuers the place derives its name; but looking at the width of the gorge at the top, six and a half metres, I am inclined to think the story is naught but an invention. At Coquimbito, looking towards the clumps of poplar-trees that surround the town of Los Andes, is one of the prettiest views on the line. Here the river Aconcagua pours quite a volume of water, breaking and foaming over huge bowlders as it speeds on its way through a smiling and luxuriant valley to the sea.

The line is a narrow gauge, three feet three inches, and is destined to become one of the most important factors in enhancing the value of not only Chilian and Argentine trade, but will be also of benefit to the United States, enabling importers of our products to sell goods in the interior provinces of Argentine, that are now speedily being populated from Europe.

WARD SCHOOL NO. 23.

Several blocks to the north of the City Hall there is a short, narrow, and dingy street called City Hall Place, and not far from its western end a rather unprepossessing brick building of no great size, with "Ward School No. 23" over the door. Along toward four o'clock in the afternoon you will see, each day of the school year, a crowd of boys and girls issue from its doors—so large a crowd that it is wonderful how such a small building finds room for it—and scatter in every direction. But the most of these youngsters will go up through Paradise Park, and losing a goodly number there, will continue on across the Bowery, to be lost in the various foreign quarters.

At first glance these children will not seem to differ from any crowd of east-side children that may be found crowding the streets and tangling the legs of grown people. But if you will notice carefully as this long line—not overly clean, not overly well dressed—passes by, you will find that there is an amazing number of different facial types represented. One group has the tow heads, the blue eyes, the fair skins, that indicate German or Scandinavian origin. Perhaps the next group will have the almond eyes, the sallow, unhealthful-looking complexion, and the straight oddly growing black hair of the Chinese. Another group will be made up of young Polish or Russian Jews. Still another will have peculiarities which suggest the roaming Arabs. And there will be group after group which any eye can distinguish as of some nationality so unfamiliar as to be unnamable.

It is in this unusual procession that the claim of Ward School No. 23 to fame lies. In such a cosmopolitan city as New York every public school has several nationalities represented. But Ward School No. 23 is as cosmopolitan as the island. It is known throughout all the foreign quarters as the best place for a child of foreign birth and foreign parentage, and to it come children from all these foreign quarters as far down as Washington Street, where the Syrians live, and as far up as Tompkins Square, around which several East European colonies have formed.

It seems that the people of these various foreign quarters are not so stubborn in their fondness for the language and customs of their native lands as is sometimes supposed. They are foreign because they cannot help themselves, and they look forward to their children being genuine Americans, with nothing of the foreign left about them except the facial type, which cannot be helped in one generation. Therefore Ward School No. 23 is crowded, and the throng of children which attends it presents as many variations of type as a congress of the nations.

Until about a year ago the principal of Ward School No. 23 did not realize what a queer lot of pupils he had, although he had sometimes laughed over the strange collection of names upon the rolls. A year ago he took a census, and carefully traced out the exact part of the earth from which the parents of each of his pupils had come. He found that there were in his school no less than twenty-seven different nationalities, speaking about twenty-five languages other than English and its dialects. He found that of these, sixteen were in the primary department alone.

So not long afterward he arranged a novel feature to one of the school entertainments. At a certain place in the programme each child arose, holding in his or her hands two flags. One was the American flag, the other the flag of the nation from which the father had come. The visitors to the school were astonished. They recognized half a dozen flags well known as the banners of European nations—Italian, German, Spanish, French, Swiss, and the like. Then they saw nearly a dozen other recognizable from their shapes and colors and designs as the banners of barbaric or semi-barbaric countries, known to us in a vague way as heathen.

When these children, none being under five years of age, first come to this school, they are foreigners to the very core. They speak the language of their fathers, and perhaps have never even heard the sound of an English word. They are of the country from which their parents came both in customs and ideas. Their clothing alone bears the stamp of America, and that so out of accord with their faces and expressions that they seem ill at ease, and even more poorly clad than they really are. They enter the primary department. And here it may be said that although the youngest are five years old, the ages of many extend upward toward eighteen and twenty years. It is the business of Miss Rose O'Neill and her seven assistants to teach these children the English language, and then to make American children out of them. Go into the school at the beginning of the school year, and you will think the task hopeless, impossible. Come back at the end of six months, and if you close your eyes and listen to the reading exercises, you will not be able to distinguish Chinese child or Arab child or Tunisian child from the few pure-blooded Americans who form the curiosities of the school. Then you will wonder how the miracle has been performed, and when Miss O'Neill explains it to you, you will marvel at its simplicity.

At first thought one would imagine that these teachers must be skilled in these various languages, and that the children would be divided into classes according to the tongue they spoke. As a matter of fact, only one or two of the teachers have even a smattering of any tongue other than English, and it has been found that the best teacher is she who knows least of the tongue native to the child.

All these primary pupils, young and old, stand upon the same level of ignorance. And the teacher begins with them as a mother begins with her child which has reached the age when it can learn to talk. The teacher shows her queerly mixed class several objects, mentioning the name of each, and making each child repeat that name after her. She is careful to select only such objects as are common in all countries. When the objects at hand are exhausted, the teacher shows her pupils pictures of objects, teaching them the name of each. In this way the children learn a dozen nouns or so. Then the teacher passes on to the verbs.

"Stand!" she says, and she stands, and makes the class stand. "Sit!" she says, and she suits the action to the word, making the class imitate her. They go through this, until it dawns upon the minds of the children that these two words are the American for the actions they are familiar with under other names. So the work goes on, slowly at first, but with increasing rapidity, until the children are able to construct several little English sentences, and this in a short time. By these methods the children learn to speak English without accent.

Again, the school trains them in American customs. The Chinese boys learn that in America men take off their hats to women, and hold doors open for them, and give way to them in all matters of precedence. This is quite surprising at first, but soon makes headway against the home training and the influence of the way their father treats their mother. At the lunch hour there are little lessons in table manners. In fact, at every turn the American way is brought to the attention of the children, and is impressed upon them. As they vary so much, they find their common ground in the English language and the American customs.

The teachers observed that at the play hour the children inclined to breaking up into groups according to the nationalities of their fathers. The assembly-room, which is unfortunately the only play-ground for the school, would ring with all the languages of bedlam. So they put a stop to this, and now they insist upon the children speaking the English language as far as possible. And as the games of children are the same the world over, minor details excepted, the play hours are as educating as the school hours.

In a few months they learn to understand and to speak English, and in a few months more they are reading and writing English as though they had never known any other language. Miss O'Neill brought into her private room the day the writer was there two little Italian girls and two full-blooded Chinese girls. Each bore in her face and form the distinct characteristics of her race. They had been in the school about six months. The Chinese girls wrote their names—one was Gertrude, and the other Josephine, Chew—as clearly in English writing as though their father was not then making out his bills in Mott Street in Oriental hieroglyphics. And the little Italians read about Ned and his sled and John and his new skates in voices as free from hesitation or accent as any Americans of the same age could do it. Yet all had come there without any knowledge of English whatever.

Stories of these children and their struggles and triumphs might be multiplied indefinitely. Enough has been said to show what work is going on. And it is easy for the imagination to fill out the suggestion of these children taking their new learning and language and general ideas into the distant quarters of the lower part of the city. After all, it is not with the grown people that immigration problems have to do so much as with the children. And it is not easy to overestimate even the influence upon the grown people of these Americanized children, who come to the school as Jews and Greeks and barbarians, speakers of Chinese and Arabic and Gaelic, to go away with a knowledge of pure unaccented English, and a liking for American customs and ideas.

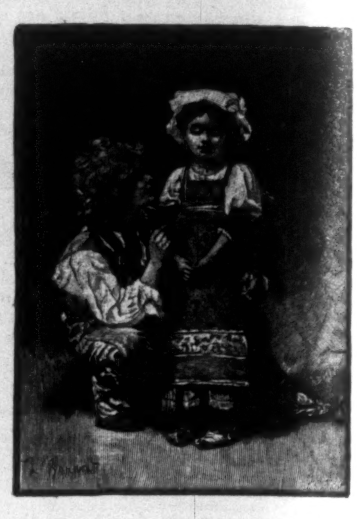
David Graham Phillips.

ROME

BY G. BOISSIER.

NO town in the world owns more ancient monuments than Rome. It is this which is her distinctive characteristic amongst all the capitals of the world; and not only are the relics of the past in Rome more numerous, they are also better preserved than anywhere else. Amongst many vicissitudes Rome has had this one piece of good fortune—she has had no owner but herself. No doubt she has been more than once besieged, subjugated, made to obey her enemies, but no foreign occupation ever lasted long. Rome soon became again independent, and we may say that, on the whole, since the time of Romulus she has ever remained Roman. This may perhaps explain the fact that the monuments she retains have suffered less than those in other countries which have often changed masters. Another advantage which greatly increases her value is that different portions of Rome belong to very different ages. As a general rule, other towns only flourished at one time; we find fine relics in them, but they all date from one epoch of civilization. Rome has again and again risen from her ashes; she has had in her long life many renewals of youth, and each one of them has left glorious traces. One may say that in Rome nearly all the grand epochs of art are represented. I think it will be charming to wander through Rome not in the usual hurried tourist fashion from one quarter to another, but from one century to another. We will visit together the monuments dating from the same age, which will explain and throw light upon each other so that each epoch will live again for us. In this way we might almost write the history of humanity without leaving one town. Let us endeavor, then, to give a rapid sketch of the Rome of the past.

We will begin by going back to a somewhat remote time when Rome did not yet exist. Let us in imagination suppress all the houses and palaces covering the ground, and see the country once more as it was when the first inhabitants began to build their little round huts with pointed, thatched roofs. On the shores of the Tiber, about five or six leagues from the sea, rises a group of little hills forming a kind of circle round about a long narrow valley. These are the Palatine, the Capitoline, and the Esquiline hills. The last named, of greater size than its neighbors, consists of several separate heights; on the right, the Viminal and Quirinal hills; on the left, that known as Cælian. Behind the Palatine Hill, on the shores of the Tiber, rises the plebeian mountain of the Aventine. These are the seven hills the names of which occur so often in Roman history. The valleys separating them are not less celebrated. At the foot of the Capitoline and Palatine hills stretches the plain which was to become the Forum; the strip of land between the Palatine and Aventine hills was to become the Circus Maximus; and beyond the Capitoline Hill was to stretch some day the Campus Martius.



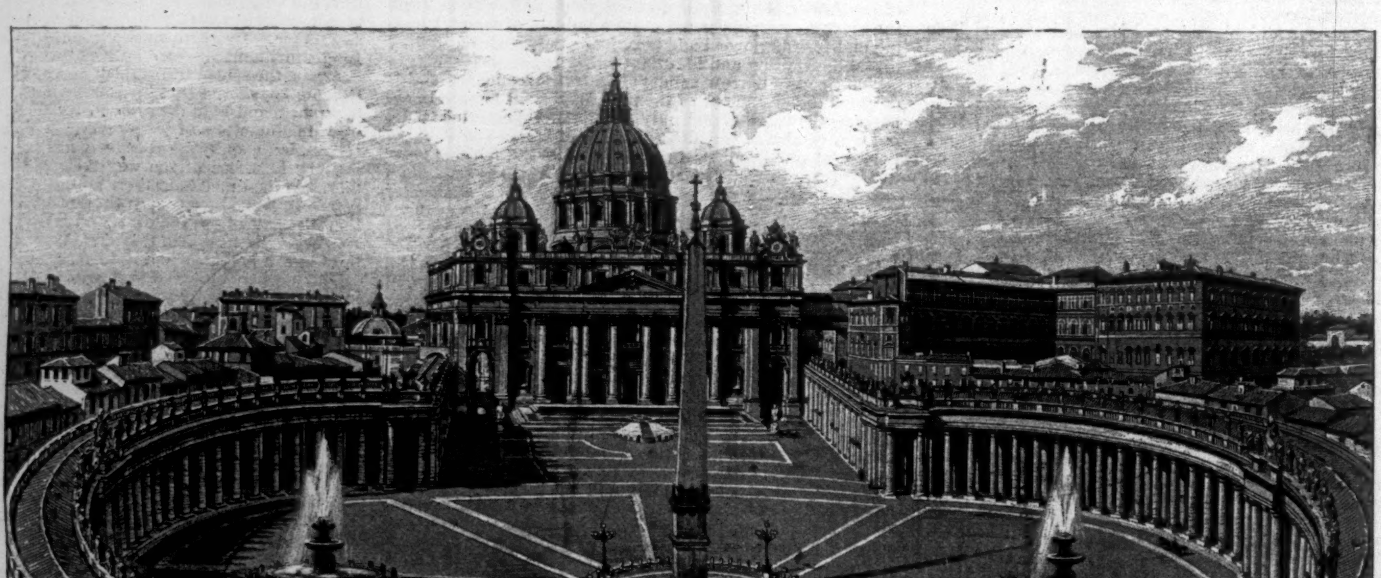
PEASANTS OF THE CAMPAGNA.

But at the time we are considering, this great space was deserted; the lower portions of the valleys were occupied by marshes, the heights bristled with wild brushwood (*silvestribus horrida dumis*), and everywhere shot up a short pale grass such as that which still covers the Roman Campagna. This damp and tepid district is the home of fever—that curse of Italy which rules her like a master. In the legends told about the founding of the earliest Italian towns, a demon often comes in who devours the inhabitants, and claims from them a tribute of human victims until the day when some hero triumphs over him and kills him. This monster is malaria, who decimates the first settlers on the plague-stricken soil, and tries to displace them all. But in the end this demon will be conquered by the draining of the marshes and the purification of the water supply. He is not, however, yet quite dead, and on the very slightest relaxation in the struggle against him he revives in full strength. In these beautiful but terrible climates Nature never yields to man unless he wages against her perpetual war. No doubt it was this which Virgil meant when he compared the toil of a laborer with that of a mariner in his boat going up a rapid stream against the current; he must row perpetually; let him pause but an instant, and the stream carries him back, and he loses in a moment all the results of his past toil.

There must have been some advantages in this unhealthy, gloomy-looking district, without drinkable water, or people would never have left the delightful shores of the Alban Lake and Lake Nemi or the heights of Tibur, Tusculum, or Præneste, to settle in it.

The site of Rome is, in fact, very happily chosen; it is near the sea, and connected with it by one of the most important rivers of Italy, the Tiber, a stream which is always

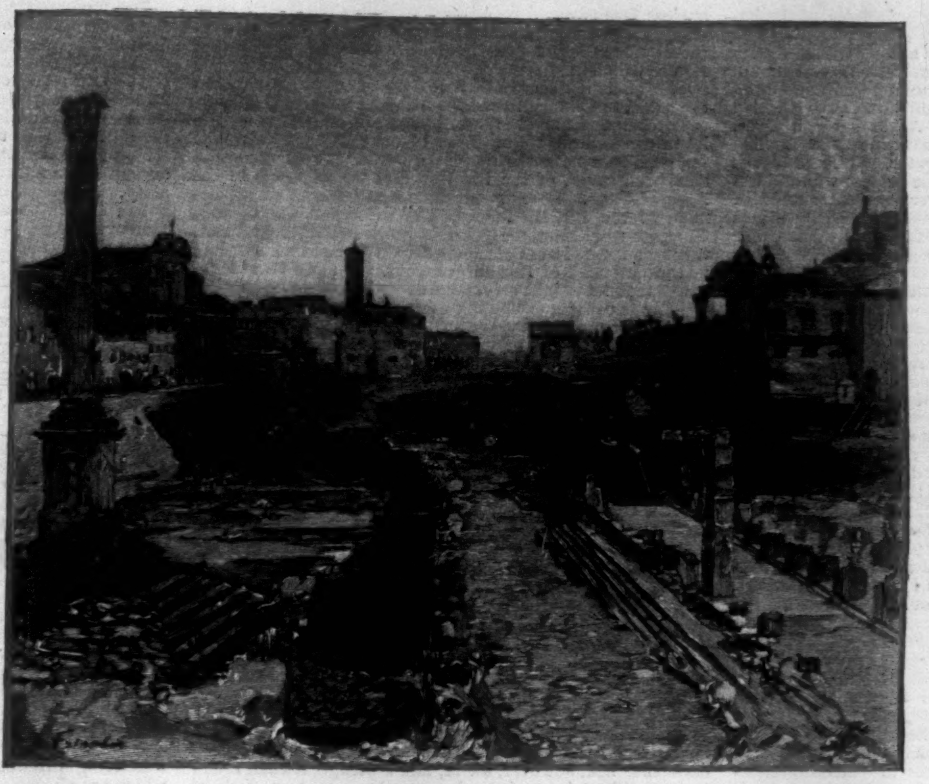
NOTE.—"Paris," the first paper of the series entitled "Capitals of the World," was published in No. 1837 of HARPER'S WEEKLY; the second paper, "St. Petersburg," in No. 1841; the third paper, "Constantinople," in No. 1846.



ST. PETER'S.

navigable. It is at the point of juncture of Latium, Sabium, and Etruria, where natural products and manufactured goods could easily be exchanged. "Rome," says Mommsen, "was at the outset a market." It was also a refuge. There were some day to meet the discontented, the ambitious, the seekers after adventures, the unfortunates who could not find all they required in the neighboring countries. The most ancient legends represent these early inhabitants as a mixture of all races; and yet for all that, out of this very mixture proceeded a people more imbued than any other with the sentiment of nationality, and who have done more than any other for their country.

Can we, wandering about Rome at the present time, find any trace of those remote days when, from a union of diverse races, the Roman nation was first founded? It will readily be understood that the monuments which have come down to us from this remote age are not numerous; there are, however, a few, and those very curious ones. Of course the newly arrived emigrants attended at first to their most pressing needs, and their first care was to defend themselves against their enemies and to guard against fever. They began by trying to make the land they were going to live in healthy. To drain the poisonous stagnant water of the Velabrum into the Tiber, they constructed a great sewer, which was attributed to Tarquin. About the same time we are told the infant town was surrounded by a wall built under Servius Tullius.



THE FORUM.

Our examination of the antiquities of Rome must begin, then, with the Cloaca Maxima and the wall of Servius. It will be an easy excursion, for the entrance to the Cloaca is near to the Forum, and at no great distance from the station is an important fragment of the wall of Servius. The workmen who constructed the Via Nazionale came upon it by the way, and the new road made a double détour so as reverently to encircle the old remains. If our first taste of the antique has given us a relish for further acquaintance with this venerable wall, we must go as far as the church of Santa Prisca on the Aventine, opposite to which we shall find a large portion of this old wall, thirty metres long by ten high. It is in admirable preservation, and strikes one alike with surprise and admiration. I think that in looking at these monuments one gets a sort of idea of what the people who erected them were like. To begin with, they built well, or their work could not have lasted as it has; when they laid one solid course of stones upon another, when they domed their roofs to give them more resisting power, they were thinking of the future; they felt sure—and this is an instinct of great nations—that their race was to live on for generations; from the earliest days they knew that they were building the Eternal City. Moreover, rugged and untutored though they were, they had a certain feeling for art; they were no barbarians. Their works, however imperfect they may appear when we compare them with those of the Greeks, reveal a certain sentiment of proportion, a taste for grandeur, and for that kind of beauty which is the outcome of strength. To the last this will be the characteristic of Roman art.

Next come the glorious days of the republic. Of this grand epoch, the golden age of Rome, we have but few monuments; the empire, which was perhaps anxious to efface all memory of a past which rendered it uneasy, destroyed and replaced them nearly all. This is an additional reason for making a point of seeing what is left. We must go from the Piazza di Venetia to that of the Forum of Trajan, and turning to the right, climb the Salita di Marforio. This street is worth a visit, for it is one of the corners of Rome which has changed the least during three or four centuries. Here we shall find the tomb of the old plebeian edile Publicius Bibulus; there is not much of it left—a piece of a wall forming part of a modern house, with an inscription of a few words in capital letters (SENATVS CONSVLTO POPVLIQVE JVSSA). There are no pompous phrases, no useless ornaments; all is grave, simple, and grand, realizing our idea of what the monuments of the republic must have been. Memories of that great time ever cling to the Forum. I know that it was restored several times under the empire, that sumptuous basilicas were built, that the site was encumbered with columns and statues, but for all that imperial Rome never really took root there. As we wander about in the rectangular space full of the magnificent ruins restored to us by the recent excavations, it is ever of the republican Forum that we dream. True the Rostrum* from which Cato, the Gracchi, or Cicero addressed the people is no longer there, but it is still the ancient Tribune. We can still see the grooves in which had been inserted the iron beaks, or *rostra*, of the galleys of Antium. The old temples have been many times rebuilt, but always on the old sites, and they have kept their ancient name. That mass of ruins piled up behind the Rostrum is the Temple of Concord, founded by Camillus after he had re-established peace between the citizens by throwing his influence on to the side of the *Plebs*. Those three marvellous columns, masterpieces of antique art, which still stand erect and graceful, are all that remain of the Temple of Castor, which Cicero calls, "The most illustrious of the monuments, witness of the whole political life of the Romans." The road we are following, paved with great slabs, is the Sacra Via, or Sacred Way, over which so many triumphant generals marched; unrivalled in the glory of its memories; over no other highway have so many illustrious persons passed. As we gaze upon all these ruins memories crowd upon us, and a very little imagination enables us to see once more the grand scenes witnessed by the Forum during the republic.

With regard to the time of the empire, on the other hand, imagination is nearly useless, for there are plenty of monuments still standing, and some of them are very well preserved. Augustus boasted that he had rebuilt Rome. "I found it of brick, and I leave it of marble." He wished, doubtless, to make the Romans forget the system of government under which they had lived so long, and which he had just destroyed. He well knew that the Romans had many different reasons for discontent. Some of them found it difficult to reconcile themselves to being no longer free; they missed the sense of manliness resulting from being under no master, and feeling that they could dispose of themselves, and need obey no laws but those of their own making. These were the minority; the general population of Rome, consisting in a great measure of foreigners, and recruited from the ranks of slaves, were altogether unaffected by these noble sentiments. But at the same time for the worst citizens the republic offered certain attractions; not only did the elections give them a certain importance, and when their votes were paid for provided them with necessaries, the tumults of popular assemblies, the seditious harangues of tribunes, and the street conflicts, which towards the close of that period were of daily occurrence, brought a sort of animation and interest into the lives of these lazy people to which they became accustomed and missed when they were wanting. To the first class, the lovers of liberty, whom he could not but admire, though he had to oppose them, Augustus offered as compensation for their lost freedom the spectacle of the grandeur of Rome, which had never been more striking than under his rule. As for the others—the idlers—he kept them occupied with the games of the arena and circus, religious and patriotic fêtes, solemn representations; and, best of all, by building for them temples, theatres, and colonnades, and setting up everywhere statues, triumphal arches, and columns. He knew well that all this gaudy display would flatter the vanity and win the gratitude of the inhabitants of the great city. His successors followed his example, and from this time forward mag-

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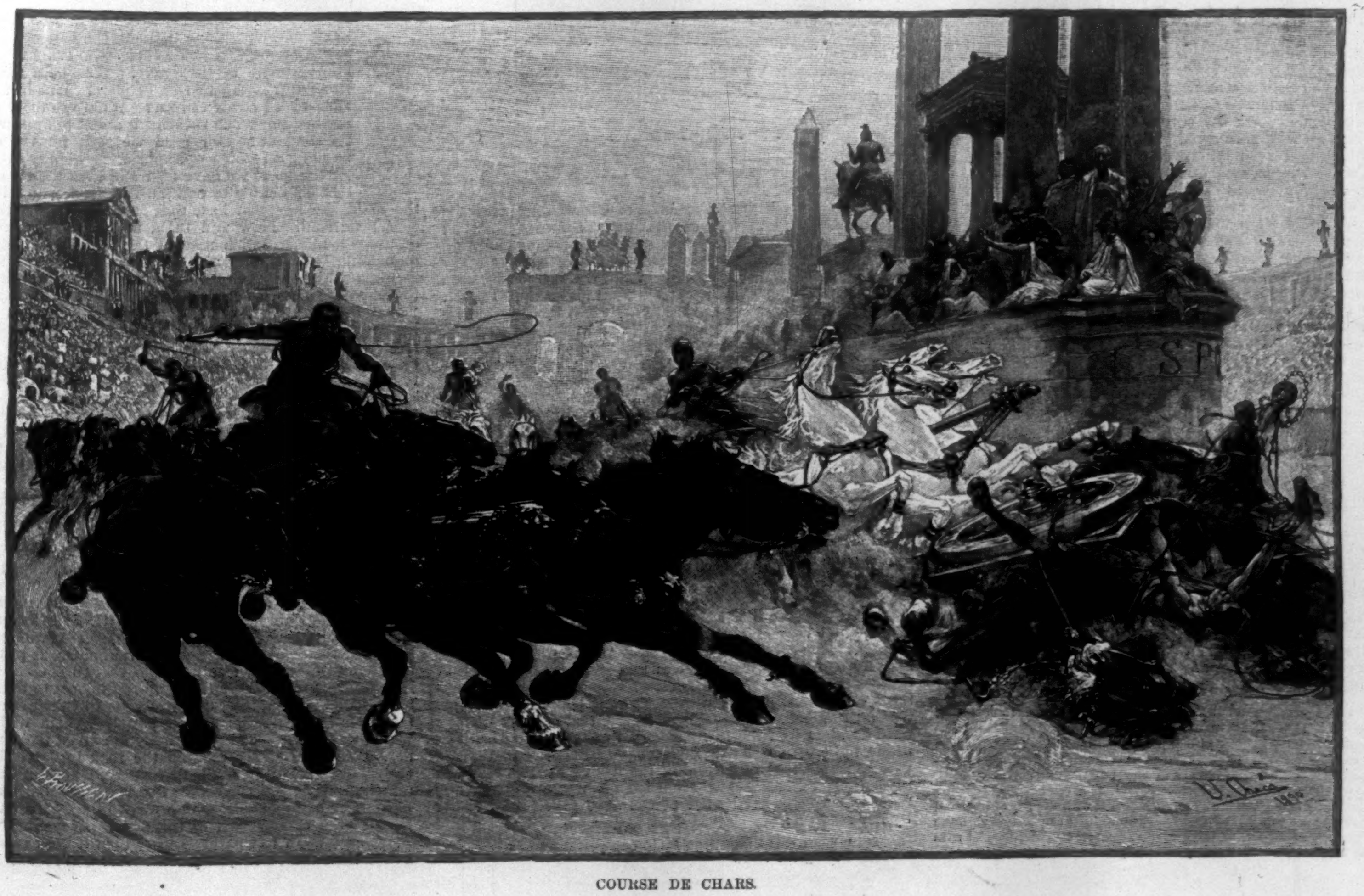
* The platform from which orators spoke in Rome was called the Rostrum, because it was in ancient times decorated with metal beakheads taken from captured vessels.—TRANS.



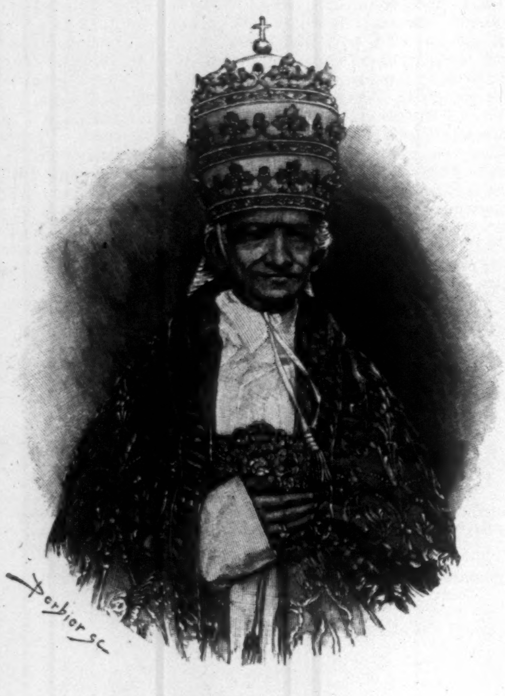
COURSE DE CHARS.

nificence became one of the guiding principles of the imperial policy. For three centuries every emperor who reigned made a point of leaving his name connected with some grand building. Some of the monuments erected under these conditions, and these the grandest and most durable, are built of that beautiful stone called *travertine*, which gleams like gold in the sunshine. As, however, it was a long and costly business to fetch travertine from the few quarries in which it was found, to cut it into large blocks and bring it to Rome—moreover, those princes who did not feel very sure of their continued power were eager to finish the works they had begun—they resorted to more expeditious means, building walls sometimes with stones of irregular size connected with cement, forming a kind of open work known as *opus reticulatum*, sometimes of piled-up bricks with a facing of marble. And it was in this way that with none but ordinary workmen, and with no materials but lime, brick, and flints, they managed to construct those colossal arches which have withstood the ravages of centuries.

One of the greatest pleasures a traveller can enjoy is a walk through imperial Rome. It would take a very long time if we attempted to see everything, for there is not a corner of the town without some relic of the Cæsars; but we will only pause at the more important and better preserved of the buildings. Suppose we begin with the Palatine; it was the residence of the emperors, and it will be quite the thing to pay our respects to them in their home before we go to admire their works. The Palatine may justly be said to be the discovery and the prize of archæologists of our time. Until 1860 the hill was occupied by the Farnese Gardens, and the visitor would wander about beneath the great trees or sit down in the groves of box-wood without a suspicion that these groves covered over the palace of the Cæsars. Now the trees are on the ground, the hill is laid bare, and the palaces have been brought to light. Amongst enormous foundations, dating from every century, and piles of ruins astonishing to the sight and bewildering to the mind, some few parts stand out in special prominence. Here, for instance, are the public apartments of the prince; a large room, of which some parts of the wall are still standing, all covered with marble, with niches which had held eight colossal statues, and had an apse in which doubtless was placed the curule or magisterial chair of the prince. It was here that he received the ambassadors of foreign kings and deputies from the provinces. Behind this room, at the end of a vast court, surrounded by colonnades, was the *triclinium*,* which still retains part of its pavement of porphyry, serpentine, and *giallo antico*, and of which Martialis said, when it was still new, that "it was as beautiful as the dining-hall of Olympus, and that in it the Gods might drink nectar, and receive from the hands of Ganymedes the sacred cup." A little further on is the stadium, from which the emperor enjoyed the pleasure of witnessing at his ease with a few friends the contests of celebrated athletes or wrestlers; and lastly, the imperial balcony on the Circus Maximus, from which he watched popular entertainments, giving the signal for chariot-races, and applauding the victorious driver. We must not forget to note the so-called house of Germanicus, also called the House of Livia, which is a more simple and less pretentious building than the grand palaces around, to which perhaps the princes retired when weary of entertainments, and which they caused to be adorned with the finest paintings which have been found in Rome.

Our visit over (and I am afraid it has been rather a long one), we will leave the Palatine by the grand antique staircase, which goes straight down to the Forum. The old Forum contained a great many monuments, which were built or rebuilt by the emperors—notably the Basilica Julia; but, as I have already said, it really belongs to the republic, and the empire, recognizing that it was useless to dispute the possession of this classic ground, decided to make other fora which should bear the names and preserve the memory of the princes under whom they were constructed. Thus beyond the ancient Forum, and forming a sort of continuation of it, were successively built the Forum of Julius Cæsar, the Forum of Augustus, the Forum of Nerva, and, most beautiful of all, the Forum of Trajan, forming together a marvellous whole which could not fail to awaken the wondering admiration of foreigners. As however, there are but a few ruins left of all these fora, we will pass rapidly through them, for other better-preserved buildings await us. From the Forum of Trajan, after an admiring glance at the memorial columns and the ruins of basilicas and libraries which fill the square, let us turn towards the Corso, which is the old Flaminian Way ascending to the Capitol. This was the road by which the people of ancient Rome went to the Campus Martius. Now the space between the Corso and the Tiber is the most densely populated of the town, and is covered by a net-work of streets, the houses of which are closely crowded together. Formerly it was a large open plain reserved for the games and exercises of the young folks of Rome. Here went on racing, jumping, riding, playing at ball,† throwing of the discus or the javelin, etc.; after indulging in which pastimes, the young Romans would fling themselves all perspiring into the Tiber, winning thus refreshment and rest. Such were the amusements of the youthful republicans. Under the empire very different diversions were indulged in. Horace reproached the younger men of his time "for being no longer able to endure the heat and dust of the Campus Martius, and for shrinking from the oil with which the body was anointed before wrestling as if it were the blood of a viper." When the vast plain became less frequented, its limits could be reduced, and part of it used for other purposes without inconvenience. The emperors filled it with buildings which they did not know where else to erect. Augustus began the encroachments, and the plain retains three of the finest monuments dating from his age—namely, the Pantheon of Agrippa, the Portico of Octavia, and the theatre of Marcellus. The Pantheon is still intact, and remains as a complete model of Roman art in its most brilliant period. The other two buildings have suffered more; but if they could be isolated, part of their ancient beauty could be restored to them; the theatre especially, though surrounded by houses, is really almost complete. Truly it is a grievous pity that the municipality of Rome, which has spent so much money in making new streets, could not spare a little to keep in better preservation the ancient monuments which are the glory of their city.

To complete our study of Roman art under the empire let us continue our walk. Leaving the theatre of Marcellus, we will take next the ancient quarter of Velabrum, and climb the slopes of the Palatine Hill till we come to the Arch of Titus. Here we are in the very heart of the domain of the Flavian family, who succeeded the Cæsars. Opposite to us rises the grandest work left to us by them, the huge mass of the Colosseum, the monument which gives us the best idea of Roman grandeur. It must be remembered that its height originally exceeded fifty-two metres, and it was capable of holding more than 100,000 spectators. In the course of centuries everything which could be done to destroy it has been done. The iron staples keeping the stones together have been sacrilegiously torn away; outer barbarians have assaulted it again and again, breaking down the walls; architects have unskilfully restored it; during the Middle Ages it was turned into a fortress, and sustained I do not know how many sieges and conflagrations; later, a quarter of the inhabitants of Rome lodged in its porticoes; in the fourteenth century it was turned into a quarry, and supplied the materials for building churches and palaces; yet it is still there, and when, standing at the foot of those portions still intact, we look up at the formidable wall, we cannot help agreeing with Martialis, who declared that the Pyramids had been surpassed. It is evident that a century after Augustus, when Vespasian began to build his amphitheatre, Roman architecture was at its zenith. Moreover, it had declined but little fifty years later, at the time of the Emperor Severus, when Caracalla had the baths built of which such beautiful ruins remain near the gate of S. Sebastiano. Some of the finest qualities of Roman architecture are also seen in the baths of Diocletian, which are near the railway station, and in the large basilica at the entrance to the Forum which bears the name of Constantine, although it was really the work of his predecessor Maxentius. The decadence had, however, set in; and although Roman architecture still retains an imposing grandeur, the more delicate arts, such as sculpture, are dying out. We see this all too plainly when we look at the Arch of Constantine near the Colosseum. It looks well enough at a distance, but when you get near, you see that the upper bass-reliefs, representing incidents from the life of the prince, are of quite clumsy execution; those placed at the greatest height have been taken in a happy-go-lucky manner from an arch of Trajan, and their grace and beauty bring out more forcibly the inferiority of the others. The day of barbarism has dawned. Our walk through imperial Rome is over.



HIS HOLINESS LEO XIII.

We are now at one of those turning-points of Roman history to which I referred at the beginning of this essay. It would have seemed likely that, the empire being dead, the great destinies of Rome were over; far from that, they were to be carried on with greater glory than ever. It is a characteristic of Rome, as we have seen, to be able to renew her life, to become young again, to make yet another fortune when the first is exhausted. Christianity survived the empire, and became its heir. Rome was converted into the capital of Christendom, as she had been of the Latin world, and the new religion restored to her the supremacy she had lost. These things, however, do not happen in a day, and to bring them about much time, with a concurrence of fortunate circumstances, was necessary. When I examined, in a chapel of the *Santi Quattro Coronati*, the frescoes representing the apotheosis of Constantine, I felt that the Roman Church had very good reason for honoring that emperor as she did. He served her wonderfully in two different ways: first, by embracing Christianity; and secondly, by living at Constantinople. The presence in Rome of the imperial authority had checked the progress of the Church; whereas, when left alone, she developed freely, and drew "all men unto her." From the fifth century the new state of things began to be very evident. A Gallic poet, St. Prosper, says, in precise terms, that in becoming the See of St. Peter, and of his successors, Rome once more led the world, and that the races taken from her by her defeat were given back to her by her religion:

> "Facta caput mundi, quidquid non possidet armis
> Religione tenet."

The monuments of Christian Rome are more interesting for us than those of imperial Rome, for we are all the children of Christianity; whether we be submissive or rebellious sons, we cannot deny our Mother, and her history is our own. Our study of the relics in Rome, which appeared to be closed, must then begin again. Our walk will be neither shorter nor less curious than that we have just ended amongst the monuments of the Cæsars.

Rome has the unique advantage of possessing the most ancient relics remaining to us of the early days of Christianity. The dawning religion, poor and menaced, dreamt not of building grand edifices, such as time would respect. Moreover, the simplicity of the Christian creed would not then have permitted anything of the kind. "We have no altars, no temples," said one of the earliest Christian apologists, Menucius Felix. The first meetings were held in private houses, which were doubtless often changed to elude the vigilance of enemies; and though a little later, at the time of Alexander Severus and his successors, a few oratories were created, they are sure to have been of a very humble description, as was fitting for a sect that was barely tolerated, and did not wish to attract too much attention from the authorities. Moreover, all these early places of worship were destroyed under Diocletian. But the dead had to be buried, and buried side by side with their kindred. The little community wished to keep together in death as in life, and in this we have the origin of the Catacombs. At what time were they first used? Some of them seem to date from the second century; several, certainly, belong to the third. In the catacomb of Callixtus, De Rossi discovered the tombs of the Popes of the third century, which are of a touching simplicity. The body is covered over by a stone without ornament, the epitaph contains no eulogy, no expressions of regret; it reads simply: "*Anteros, bishop; Eutychiamus, bishop.*" On that of Fabianus another hand has added later the word martyr. This simplicity forms a strange contrast with the fantastic tombs of modern bishops, such as we meet with in the churches of Rome.

We must visit the Catacombs. It will be an excursion offering nothing attractive, and which at first sight does not appear to be very useful either. One soon gets tired of wandering through these endless galleries, the walls of which are pierced with parallel niches, not unlike the openings in chests of drawers, arranged in tiers one above the other, in which the bodies were placed. One soon finds it difficult to endure the clammy dampness and sickly smell emitted from them. But if we can get over this first disagreeable impression, and examine the Catacombs more closely, we find that these long monotonous passages have much to teach us. To begin with, their very immensity, which seems to us so fatiguing, will give us an idea of the great number of the faithful in the third century. It is probable that each tomb originally consisted of a small crypt which some Christian richer than his comrades had had hewn out as a grave for himself beneath land belonging to him. As amongst the heathen a place was given in funeral monuments to the closest friends and the most faithful freedmen of the deceased, so did the Christian collect about him those who shared his faith. But the number of those to be interred was ever on the increase; first, the tombs were packed more closely together, then the crypt was enlarged. Later, other parallel crypts were added, and when they too were full, the ground was hollowed out beneath them till the houses of the dead were several stories high. As we wander in the labyrinth of galleries intersecting each other at right angles, or springing from a common centre, and climb or descend the narrow staircases leading from one story to another, we note with what care every inch of ground was turned to account, and we realize vividly with what rapidity the new religion spread.

The Catacombs teach us other more important lessons if we have patience to examine the tombs in detail. Let us glance for a moment at the inscriptions which time has not yet rendered illegible. Most of them consist but of one or two lines—the name and age of the defunct, the date of his death—just enough to guide those who came to pray on anniversaries at his grave. Was he a slave or a free man? Was he rich or poor? Was he a magistrate or a private citizen? What are these earthly distinctions when the soul is about to appear before its Saviour? Nor need we seek for the compliments with which epitaphs are generally overladen. At the most we have now and then the cry of some mother unable to contain her grief, who tells us of the child she has just lost, that it was a sweet and innocent little soul. Now and then, too, we come across one of those symbols which remind the faithful of their common belief—the anchor, the fish, the dove, and some pious formula which expresses in a brief sentence the hopes of those who survive—such as: "God be with thee," or "Rest in peace." How many things are brought vividly before us by this simplicity, this repressed sorrow, this faith which seems too deep for words! Nothing brings us into closer *rapport* with primitive Christianity than do these tombs.

Some few of the Catacombs contain paintings which have suffered greatly from time. These paintings deserve careful study; they are the very earliest outcome of Christian art, and we see in them that from the very first art had to solve the problem which decided its ultimate development. To what extent was she justified in availing herself of antique art? Was it necessary to find new modes of representation for the new belief? Or might Christian art without scruple borrow what suited her from the artists of the past? There was no need to hesitate with regard to decorative painting; there could not possibly be any harm in covering the walls with a series of charming arabesques, or even of introducing wonderful birds and winged genii amongst garlands of flowers. It was in this way that Christian artists reproduced ancient patterns without modification, so that we find in the homes of the dead elegant ceilings, reminding us of the pretty fancies of those of Pompeii. But when it came to regular pictures, the question was more difficult to decide, and the artists betrayed their embarrassment by always choosing the same subjects. The Bible supplied them with a few, which they reproduced perpetually in almost the same manner. We have Moses making the rock bring forth water; the three Hebrews in the fiery furnace, whose example was an exhortation to martyrdom; Jonas coming out alive from the mouth of the whale, which was to the Christian an allegory of the resurrection of the dead. In dealing with the New Testament the painters were less at their ease, and to evade their difficulties, they sometimes had recourse to imitation of the antique. In this way they represented Christ, now as a shepherd carrying a lamb on His shoulder, now as Orpheus taming the beasts with His lyre; and although Christian artists certainly did modify the figures a little, so as the better to express their thought, it is impossible to deny that they borrowed most of the attitudes direct from the work of heathen artists. In this we have an example of the path Christian art followed from the beginning to the end; her aim was ever to accommodate antique art to the faith of the Church. We see the crude early efforts in this direction in the Catacombs. We find their final outcome in the Vatican. We can examine alike the beginning and the end of this movement, and trace its whole progress without leaving Rome.

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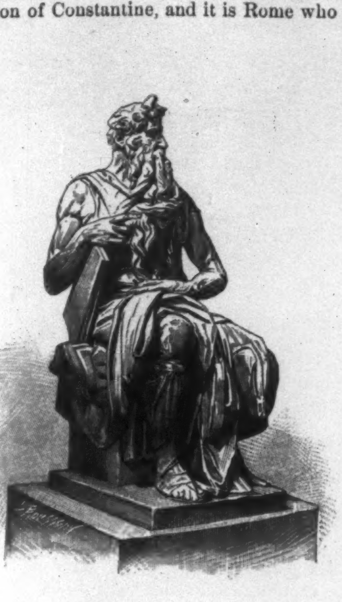
* The *triclinium* was a hall containing a three-sided couch enclosing a dining-table.—TRANS.

† Among the many games of ball played at Rome were two which the Greeks called *Uraina* and *Aporraxis*. In the former, which meant sky-high, the ball was thrown as high as possible; in the latter (bounce ball), the ball was thrown obliquely to the ground, its several rebounds being scored up, until it was caught by another player with the flat of his hand and thrown back; sometimes it was kept up as long as possible with the open palm. The *Trigon*, or three corner, a game needing special skill with the left hand, was also a very favorite game at Rome.—TRANS.



MOSES, BY MICHAEL ANGELO.

It was at Rome that the new churches were built after the conversion of Constantine, and it is Rome who has preserved for us the most ancient monuments of Christianity. Perhaps I am wrong, though, to say that she has preserved them for us, for it is rather their memory than the actual structures that she retains. True, there are churches at the present day named after St. Peter, St. Paul, and St. John Lateran; but they are not those built by Constantine—they have been so often restored and rebuilt that they retain nothing but their name that belongs to the past. This is intensely irritating, and one would like to take signal vengeance upon the Popes for the money they have spent in destroying the venerable antiquity of these buildings. But they had not the faintest suspicion of the sin they were committing; on the contrary, we find by their inscriptions that they gloried in what we condemn as a crime. Scrupulous archæologists are but of yesterday, and it is all they can do to get admission to Rome. Pius IX. covered the old Liberian basilica, now known as that of Santa Maria Maggiore, with colored decorations; and as I write the restoration of the Lateran basilica is nearing completion, and there was but little of the old building left before it began. So it is no use deceiving ourselves, we have none of Constantine's basilicas left; and yet the buildings representing them will repay careful study, and a close examination is sure to reward us by some valuable discovery. For instance, let us take one of the most curious of all, that of S. Agnese fuori le mura, which is in a subterranean cave reached by a wide staircase of forty-five steps, at the bottom of which we find ourselves, to our surprise, in a church with three naves upheld by antique columns. The church evidently replaces one of the primitive chapels which mark the site of the catacomb tomb of a martyr. S. Agnese takes us back to the very beginning of the worship of saints. The basilica of San Lorenzo, which probably dates from the same period, was built under somewhat different conditions. Instead of going down into the depths of the Catacombs to reach the church, as we do in S. Agnese, we find it built on the upper soil, the altar rising just above the tomb of the martyrs, which can be seen through an opening, and to which a staircase leads down. This opening is called a *Confessio*, and we find similar ones in nearly all the old churches of Rome. In spite of the modifications and mutilations to which these churches have been subjected, they have still retained a few relics of the past, so that taking them one by one, and putting together all that those who restored them in such a very unsatisfactory manner have left, as it were, against their will, we shall be able to piece together a kind of picture of what they were when they were built. Imagine a huge square court, such as we find at S. Clemente, with a fountain in the centre. This was the *atrium*, or fore-court, which deadened the sounds from the street. At the end of this *atrium* rises the façade, a large bare undecorated wall pierced with three doors. Although the Christians had now no longer anything to fear, they still retained the old customs, avoiding fine exteriors which might attract the angry attention of their enemies. The interior of the building is a vast space, generally divided into three naves by marble columns. These columns are mostly taken from more ancient monuments, and the most ornate were chosen. Nothing can exceed the delicacy and beauty of those which surround the choir of S. Lorenzo. The building ends in a semicircular apse, in which are the bishop's throne and the seats of the priests. In the centre rises the altar, where the bishop officiated facing the worshippers. This altar is generally surmounted by the *ciborium*, a sort of marble canopy supported by columns. The choir is separated from the rest of the building by a finely worked marble balustrade. The beautiful church of S. Clemente has retained its balustrade, as well as the two exquisite lecterns from which the epistle and gospel were read, and which are called *ambones*. Lastly, the apsis and colonnade connecting it with the nave are generally decorated with mosaics, which, although often restored, retain more traces of antiquity than any other part. The most curious are those of San Prudentiana, San Maria Maggiore, and SS. Cosmo and Damiano. By this means we are able to gain at Rome an idea of the basilica, which was the earliest type of a Christian church. It is a style of building which those used to the magnificence and daring grandeur of Gothic buildings do not at first sight appreciate; but when they become accustomed to it, they find it really better proportioned, more suitable, more touching in its simplicity, and perhaps, from another point of view, more truly religious. However this may be, for six hundred years no other Christian style of architecture arose, and Rome is the only place where a true idea can be formed of what that architecture was.

We now come to a gap of eight or nine centuries. Not that Rome did not play a grand part in the Middle Ages in the affairs of the Christian world, but because she retains very few monuments dating from that time. The Gothic style never suited Rome; her instincts and her memories alike are classic, and she has remained faithful to ancient tradition. Thus she waited for the Renaissance to reawake the love of the past before she began again to produce architects, sculptors, and painters of eminence.

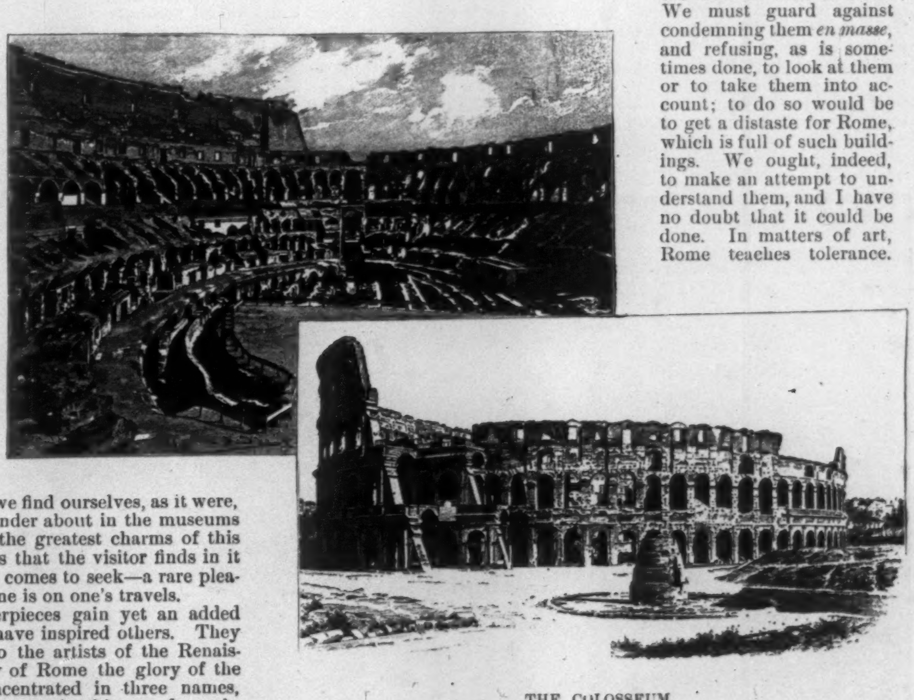
The great movement of the Renaissance began late at Rome, and closed early; it is generally said to have lasted from the time of Pope Nicholas V., 1447 to 1527, when the town was sacked by the army of Charles V. This represents less than a century, but in this short time marvels were produced. The course pursued by men of genius in the revival of letters and of the arts has ever been the same. Antique masterpieces have, in the first place, been exhumed, then an attempt has been made to imitate them, and this attempt has succeeded.

Ancient books were the first to be brought to light again. Drawn from the obscurity of convents, where they were read without being understood, collected together and explaining each other, placed at the service of all students, these books disseminated throughout the world a passion for knowledge which transformed society. In this revival of literature and of the ancient sciences Rome played a grand part. If we want to get an idea of the work of the Renaissance, when the treasures of Greece and Rome were so eagerly sought after, we must go to the library of the Vatican. It may be said to have been founded by Nicholas V., who was the first to give it any importance. He sent Enoch of Ascoli, and many others, to search the convents of Germany, and take from them all they could find; at the same time Greek savants, flying before the Turks, brought to him Homer and Plato. Before his death, Nicholas V. had added five thousand valuable manuscripts to those owned by his predecessors. Since then the number has been greatly increased, and there are now more than twenty-five thousand. No library in the world is as rich in this respect as the Vatican. As we enter it, we cannot but feel a sense of veneration when we remember all that has been done by its means to aid the progress of thought, and to promote the good of humanity. And as a matter of fact, these precious works, which embody all the genius of antiquity, are treated with the greatest deference. They are housed in magnificent rooms, which are paved with marble and adorned with frescoes, and some of the more precious of the manuscripts are exhibited to the reverent gaze of visitors in glass cases. But there is no doubt that all these honors are fully merited.

After the books came the masterpieces of ancient art. No other country possessed more than Rome. Her legions brought them from every country when she was mistress of the world. During the barbarian ages these works of art had been hidden beneath the ruins of the houses and temples they had adorned. It would not have been much trouble to find them again; but they were not sought for until people were able to understand them. It was towards the close of the fifteenth century that the lovely statues which had been lost for nearly one thousand years came forth from the earth. Julius II. took with him to the palace of the Popes the victorious "Apollo," now in the court of the Belvedere, the name of which this famous statue bears. This Apollo was joined later by the "Laocoon," found in the Baths of Titus, then by the "Ariadne." Thus began the admirable collections of the Vatican, the Capitol, and the Lateran, which have not their equals in the world. Not only ancient Italy, but Greece is represented there by glorious works; in fact, nearly all that is best in antique art is there. Wealthy Romans were eager to possess the originals, or good copies of the principal works of the masters of antiquity, and we must give them the credit of knowing how to choose them, when we find in the ruins of their houses the "Meleager," the "Athlete" of Lysippus, the "Faun" of Praxiteles, the "Athene Polias," the "Venus of Gnidus," the "Menander," the "Sophocles," and the "Dying Gladiator" of the school of Pergamus. Thanks to the men of taste who collected these beautiful works about them, we find ourselves, as it were, in Greece, as we wander about in the museums of Rome. One of the greatest charms of this incomparable city is that the visitor finds in it much more than he comes to seek—a rare pleasure indeed when one is on one's travels.

And these masterpieces gain yet an added value in that they have inspired others. They served as models to the artists of the Renaissance. In the city of Rome the glory of the Renaissance is concentrated in three names, greatest among the great in this grand epoch: Bramante, Michael Angelo, and Raphael. It is remarkable that not one of them was of Roman birth, but at no period did Rome produce many great men. Those who have made her illustrious by their productions in literature or in the arts came to her from the neighboring countries. She attracted them to her; she profited by their genius; but she also set on them her seal. By their aid Rome renewed her youth for the third time. It would indeed delay us long if we attempted to study in detail all their works, and to examine all the buildings they either erected or decorated, for truly their genius was prolific. Fearing that the reader may already be tired of the number of expeditions we have taken together, I will content myself with mentioning what I think the finest work of each. To see Bramante at his best, we must go to the Palazzo della Cancelleria, which is certainly the finest in Rome; Raphael's genius is best displayed in the "Loggie" and "Stanze" of the Vatican; Michael Angelo's in the Sistine Chapel. Above all, we must not neglect to visit St. Peter's, which may be said to be an epitome of the Renaissance at Rome. I have often heard it said that it takes a long time to appreciate this cathedral, that its beauty and grandeur do not strike one at first sight; as for me, I have never entered it without emotion. Perhaps, indeed, the first visit made on me a more vivid impression than any of the others, for I saw it at first as a whole, and it is St. Peter's as a whole which is such a marvel. One has to look at it closely and in detail to note the inferior and shabby portions displaying shocking faults of taste; but when you look at it in its entirety, it melts into one harmonious structure. Quite contrary to what is generally said, one seems to have at once a vivid impression of the immensity of the building, but all is so well proportioned that this vastness seems natural, and does not surprise us in the least. It is sometimes spoken of as a fault; but to my mind it is a perfect triumph of art. It is also often said that there is nothing religious about St. Peter's, and there is no doubt that it is not one of those mysterious oratories made for prayer and solitary self-examination. It is more a place for praising God in triumphal hymns. The magnificent temple built to meet the needs of Christianity has been placed near the cradle of that religion. The growth of that religion can be traced in it. It is filled with relics of the past; in it are displayed the treasures which are a pride to all true believers. Every art has been called into requisition to celebrate the victory of faith. To a Christian convinced that his belief is to dominate the world, it is a grand spectacle. When at one of the Jubilee fêtes which attract to Rome the whole of Christendom, in that vast building containing thousands of men, in the midst of the gleaming marbles and glowing mosaics, amidst the statues of saints and the tombs of Popes, the sovereign Pontiff rose to bless the prostrate throng, surely more than one of those present felt as if he were assisting at some scene in the Heavenly Jerusalem described in the sacred books, and to which suffering and pious souls look forward, where all the faithful, after the trials of this life, will gather together from every part of the world to join in the joy and triumph of the last day. And even now does not religious feeling still show itself in a similar manner?

Gladly would I stop here. We have now arrived at the middle of the sixteenth century, when the glory of the Renaissance suddenly began to fade. Bramante and Raphael were dead, Michael Angelo was about to follow them. St. Peter's was finished somehow or another under the direction of second-rate artists, who altered the plans of the masters; the days were past when Michael Angelo sculptured his "Moses," and Raphael painted his "Transfiguration." The decadence had already begun. But in this decadence much activity and intelligence were still displayed, and a great deal of work was done—though work of an inferior quality. The Popes and Cardinals retained that taste for magnificence which was to them an heirloom from ancient Rome. They prided themselves on building or decorating churches, much as the great lords of the time of Augustus and Trajan did in erecting public buildings. Of course these churches are in the fashion of the day, and that fashion was not good. The "Gesu" of Vignola became the model which every architect wished to reproduce. Simple outlines were avoided, straight lines were held in horror; architects revelled in the picturesque and the brilliant; they indulged in mannerisms, in grandiose effects; they piled on ornaments—they were ever striving after something new. A typical example of this whimsical, fantastic, and over-decorated art is the Fontana di Trevi built in 1735 after the designs of Nicolo Salvi. It must be admitted, however, that these huge structures have their good qualities. They display spirit, fertility of resource and invention, with great manual dexterity, and they produce a decorative effect which explains the success they achieved at the time of their erection. We must guard against condemning them *en masse*, and refusing, as is sometimes done, to look at them or to take them into account; to do so would be to get a distaste for Rome, which is full of such buildings. We ought, indeed, to make an attempt to understand them, and I have no doubt that it could be done. In matters of art, Rome teaches tolerance. In a country of past experiences so varied, owning monuments all alike admirable, dating from two or three different epochs of antiquity, a comprehensive taste and breadth of mental vision must be cultivated. We must remember, moreover, that this art of the decline has its historic importance; it represents two centuries of Roman life which cannot be suppressed, and it introduces us to a society in which we should have been very glad to move.



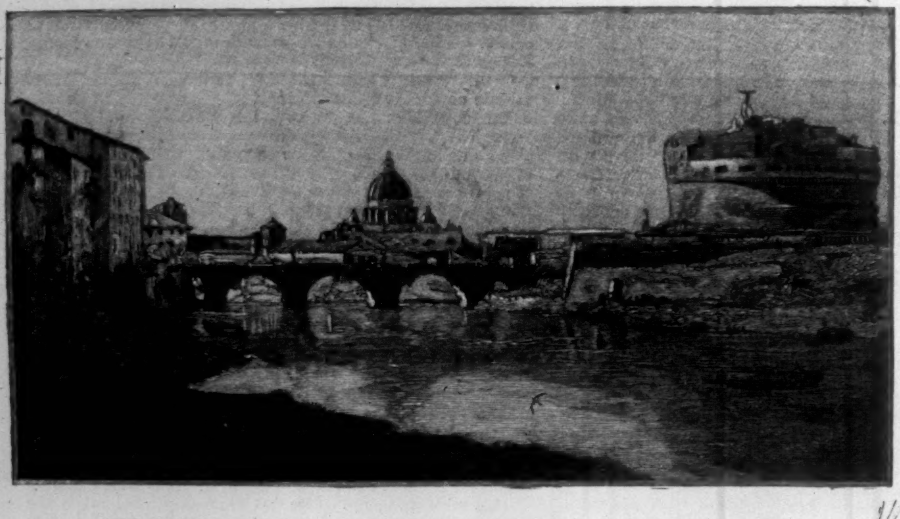
THE COLOSSEUM.

MOUNT AVENTINE.

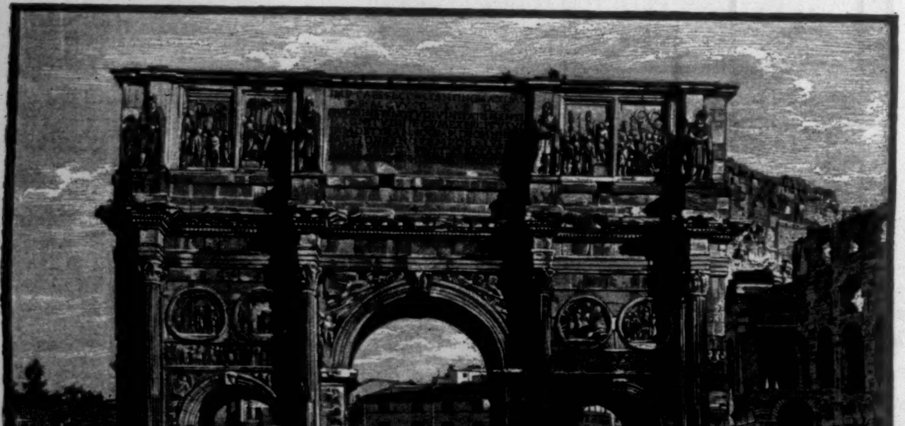
This, then, is how I propose getting some pleasure out of looking at the contorted statues of Bernini and the uncouth façades of Borromini, even when we are fresh from admiring the masterpieces of antiquity and of the Renaissance. Let us bear in mind the society for which these monuments were erected. The artists worked for the age in which they lived, and the study of that age will enable us to understand them. We have, in fact, a very charming work to consult to help us in understanding this period, at least when it was about to close; a work which is the most delicate, the most piquant, and the truest ever inspired by a visit to Rome—I allude to the *Letters* of De Brosses.

De Brosses was a very learned magistrate, well versed in the knowledge of Latin antiquity, which won for him a place in the Gallery of Inscriptions; but he was more than that, he was a man of wide culture, who understood art well, and loved it passionately. Of course, with this enlightened taste and versatility, he was enchanted with Italy. He went to visit that country, he remained there a year, and returned penetrated with an intense and sincere admiration for her, unspoilt by any of the trammels of convention. Nowadays, when Italy has been so often described, it is known without being seen, and one is involuntarily swayed by the influence of one's predecessors. In the enthusiasm felt for Rome, there is always something of imitation and association; but in the time of De Brosses people travelled about less, and he was able to give free scope to his personal feelings, and the emotion he felt was altogether his own. He only tells us what he really felt as he felt it, and this merit has become so rare amongst the travellers of the present day that it is altogether charming. The chief element of our delight in reading his book is that he describes a very curious state of society which has now passed away. The Italy he saw, and saw so well, resembles in nothing that of the present day. It is the Italy of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and he gives us a vivid picture of the mode of life between the end of the Renaissance and the French Revolution. When he visited Italy there were no longer any great writers or great artists; with the exception of music, all the arts were rapidly declining; but the people of the country took little notice of that. They were resting in a kind of happy inaction after a long period of fecundity, and that passion for work and invention which had been so exhausting since the time of Dante and Giotto. Italy had not yet begun to dream of regaining her independence, nor of achieving political unity. Satisfied with the present, happy in the mere fact of living, she gave herself up entirely to light-hearted gayety and pleasure. The petty princes, amongst whom her lands were divided, were ruining themselves with dissipation, and the republic still in existence had no more pressing cares of state than the invention of new amusements.

It was thus that Ch. de Brosses saw and described it; and Stendhal, who knew Italy so well, says that no foreigner either before or after him saw or judged it better than the magistrate. He photographed it just as it was, he brought it vividly before our eyes with its strange customs and striking contrasts; its abbés in their red-heeled shoes, who allowed themselves to be tapped on the nose with fans by celebrated courtesans in the presence of four thousand spectators; its abbesses who would draw a dagger in the cause of a lover; its ladies always accompanied by their beaux; those *podestas* in huge perukes, those well-dressed dainty officers, who had seen no other fire but that of St. John; those theatres in which more monks were seen than in processions, and where between the acts great ladies went round collecting money; those convents where the nuns did their best to enchance their beauty, wearing charming little coiffures and bodices differing but little from those of actresses. In his pages we see the papal Rome during the agitations and intrigues of a conclave; Naples, with its *lazzarielle*, most degraded of lower classes; Venice, with the follies of its carnival, which lasts for weeks, and during which no one, not even the Nuncio or the Superior of the Capuchins, goes about without a mask. The whole of this grotesque world passes before us like an extraordinary apparition when we read the letters of De Brosses. The better to understand this apparition, we must imagine it to appear in the palaces and the churches, near the fountains and amongst the statues, erected by the disciples of Bernini. They form the environment suited to it; there it will appear more vivid, and, at the same time, it will give some life to these monuments of a day gone by.

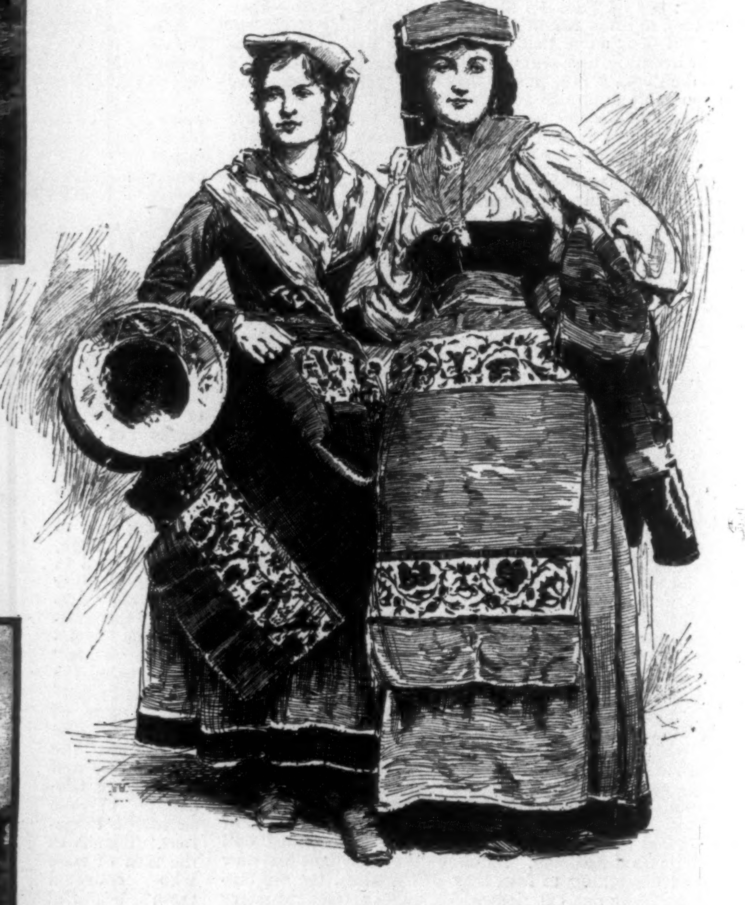


THE TIBER, WITH ST. PETER'S AND THE MOLE HADRIANA, KNOWN AS THE CASTELLO S. ANGELO.



THE ARCH OF CONSTANTINE.

All is indeed changed at the present day, and Rome is about to be restored once more. Will this restoration be for her honor? This question cannot be answered yet; we see her now torn by political agitation. The town of the Cæsars and the Popes has become the capital of a great modern state, and she will have to submit to the consequences. To meet the necessities of the new state of things, the old quarters are being pulled down, new streets are being opened out, huge vulgar mansions are being erected. It is already becoming difficult to find the quiet seclusion which was once the great charm of Rome. Every day something fresh is lost of her original character, and it is only too certain that the evil will increase as time goes on. Those who would wish to breathe the aroma of the past, and to visit Rome before she has become a great modern capital, exactly like every other, must indeed beware of delay.



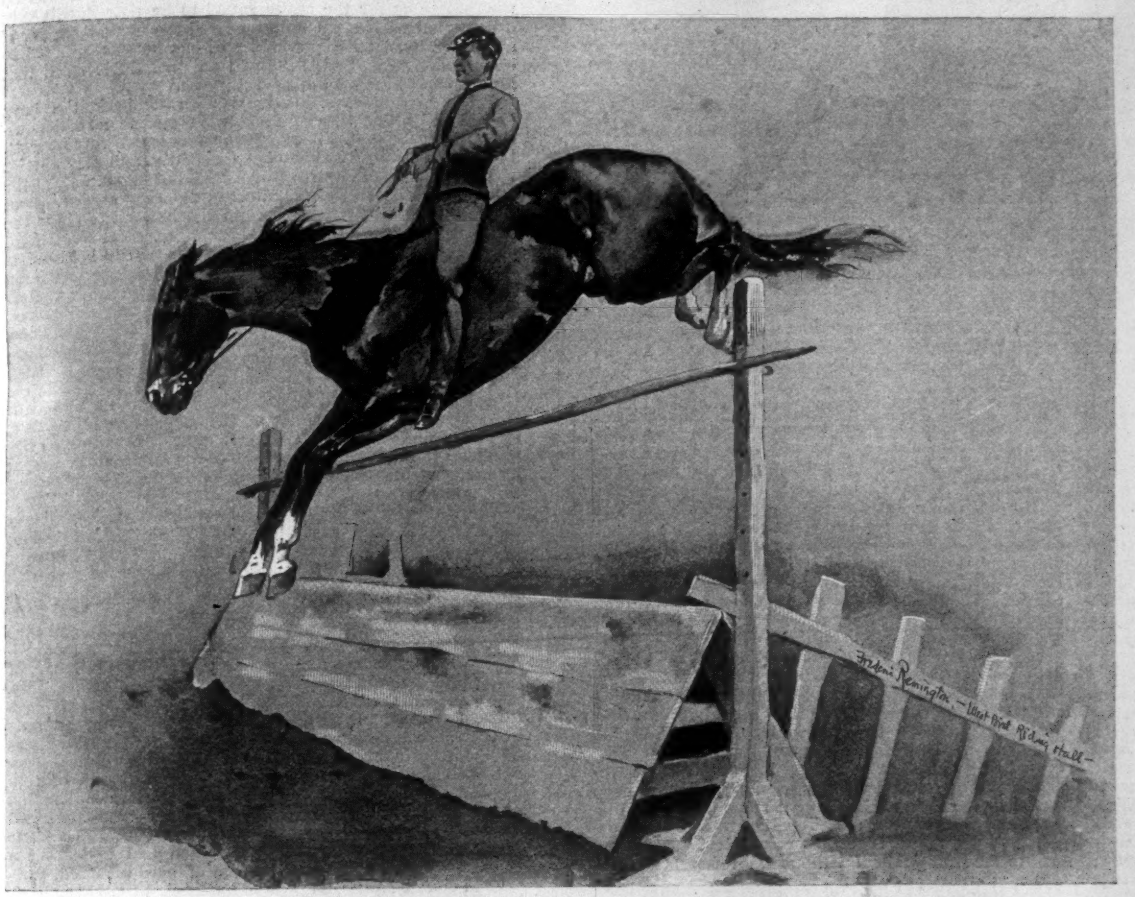
WOMEN OF TRASTEVERE.

G. Boissier

THE AMERICAN CAVALRY SCHOOL.

BY GEORGE I. PUTNAM—ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.

EACH succeeding June witnesses the departure from West Point on the Hudson of some half a hundred lusty American youths, going out, with the sanction of *alma mater*, to assume the duties and responsibilities of officers in the United States army. There is much that is distinctive about them. They bear in their agreeable personalities the deep, freshly stamped mint mark of the United States Military Academy. A rigorous military discipline has given them this physical development coincident with their academic education. They are strong, vigorous, deep-chested, admirably "set up"; possess a clean step on the pavement, and a peculiarly easy seat in the saddle. They appear to exceptional advantage on horseback.


Frederic Remington — West Point Riding Hall —

FIVE-FOOT HURDLE BAREBACK.

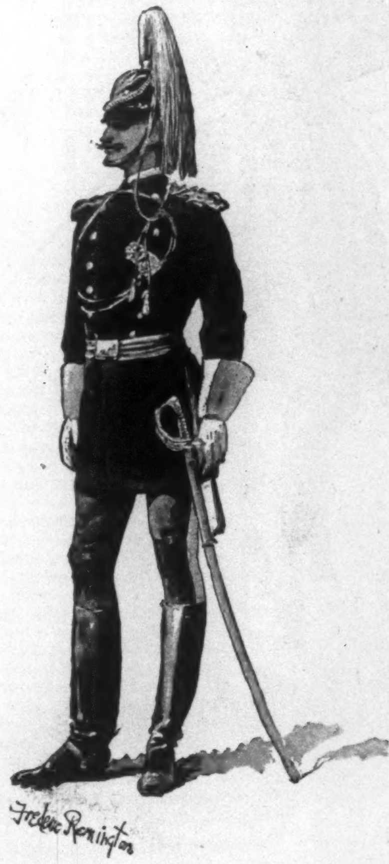
Ah, they ride, these West-Pointers! Each year they appear before the multitude as the exponents of the American cavalry school. Witness the day of the "graduation ride." Then, for the last time as cadets, they button on the cadet-gray riding uniforms, buckle on the spurs and sabres that have been the jingling, clattering objects of their pride for many months, and then, swinging a leg easily over the ready horses, sit motionless, waiting the command. It is given. The squadron advances, wheels, breaks, columns away, or dashes headlong through its own dust, sabres gleaming, hoofs clattering, and boys' voices shouting prodigiously.

This is an occasion upon which the cadet exhibits many pretty feats of horsemanship, and some so daring and skilful that they might elicit an admiring grunt from an Indian of the Western plains. The graduate and his horse are, to all intents and purposes, adjustable parts of the same animal, separable at will, and at will only. The rider directs and governs the motive power furnished by the horse; the two forces, mental and physical, work together smoothly, easily. The horse acknowledges his master; the rider displays a familiarity with the situation that laughs cheerily at the thought of danger. He has no idea of losing his seat; it has never entered his head. The more speed and ginger his mount displays, the better he likes it. And he gallops gayly up the plain and back again, swinging his whistling sabre in circles about his head, or suggestively poniarding the space ahead, where his imagination may have posted some half-witted adversary; any other would have gotten out of the way with a celerity born of due discretion. And on rides the gray-jacketed graduate, cutting right and left, leaping hurdles and ditches, till the retiring bugle sounds; and marching back to the cadet barracks, the class takes up the cry: "La-a-st ride! A-a-ll over!"

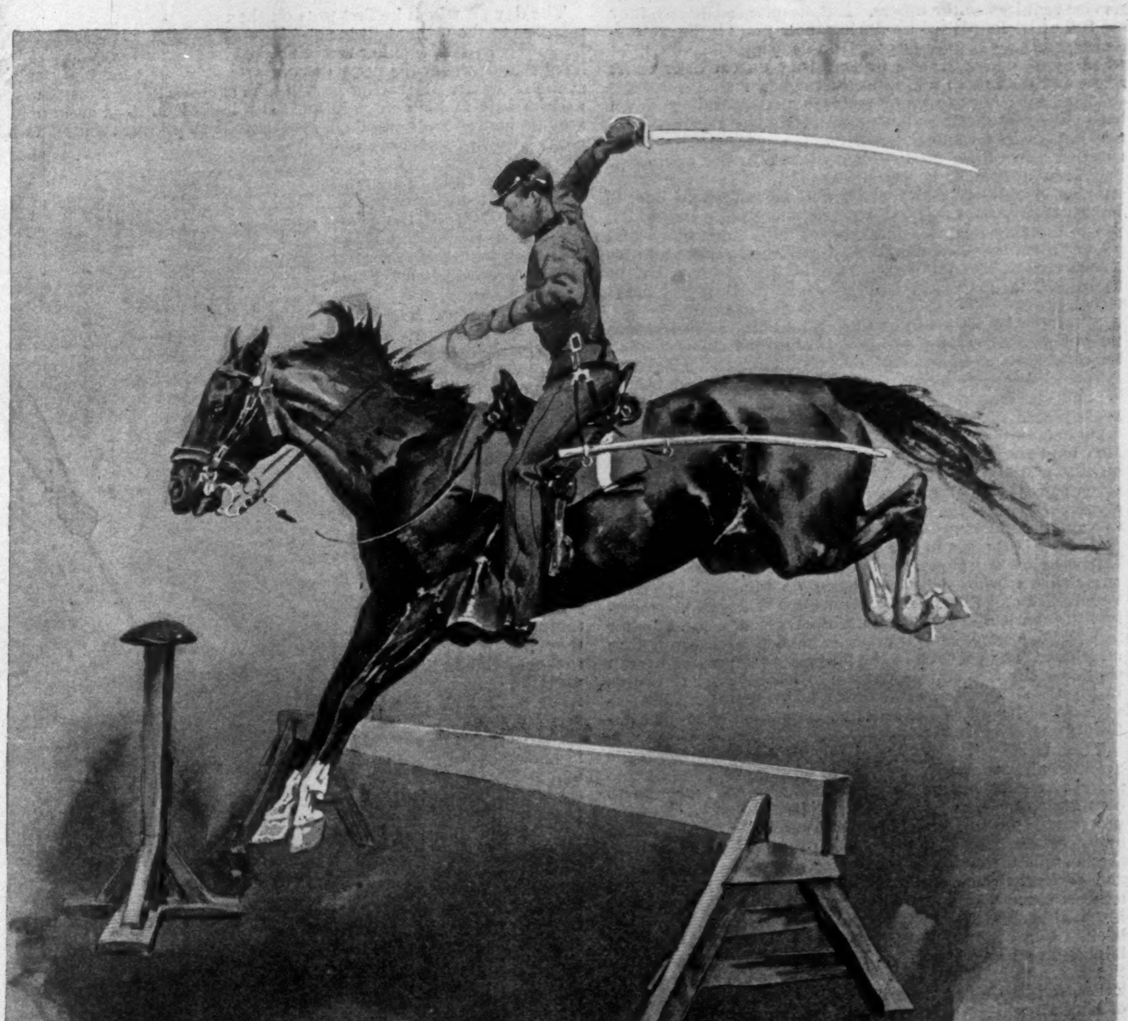
The graduating ride is always a creditable display. The multitude is pleased thereat; the uninitiated marvel at it; and to many who enjoy the reputation of knowing all about these things, it is a revelation. But, actually, there is nothing wonderful about it. Given a young and vigorous fellow, quick-witted and active-limbed, put a gray jacket on him, and let him buffet for three years with equine fate in the riding-school of the Military Academy, and he cannot help but be a rider. There are degrees of ability here as elsewhere; not every West Point cadet is a "born cavalryman." Some feel most secure with their feet on the ground. But here, through great good fortune and the Secretary of War, a vigorous, sometimes almost ruthless, system of instruction is encountered. No lapses are permitted. Failure to perform a certain feat argues only a personal shortcoming, and not that the feat is unduly difficult. The faint-hearted must, willy-nilly, do the things required. Every mounted exercise is an examination as to proficiency. The standard set is attained by all, and surpassed by many. And an epitome of the work is given in that whirling, whirring graduating ride that appears wellnigh impossible.

Mastery of any art does not come ready-made to one's hand, and the cadet riding-school is an attestation of the fact. The ability to properly bestride a horse is acquired only by progressive and painful degrees. Before one can hope to be a trooper, one must learn the cavalryman's alphabet; and this alphabet, the starting-point for the novice, is itself the end and summing up of much study and experiment by able cavalry commanders whom service and observation have shown the actual requirements.

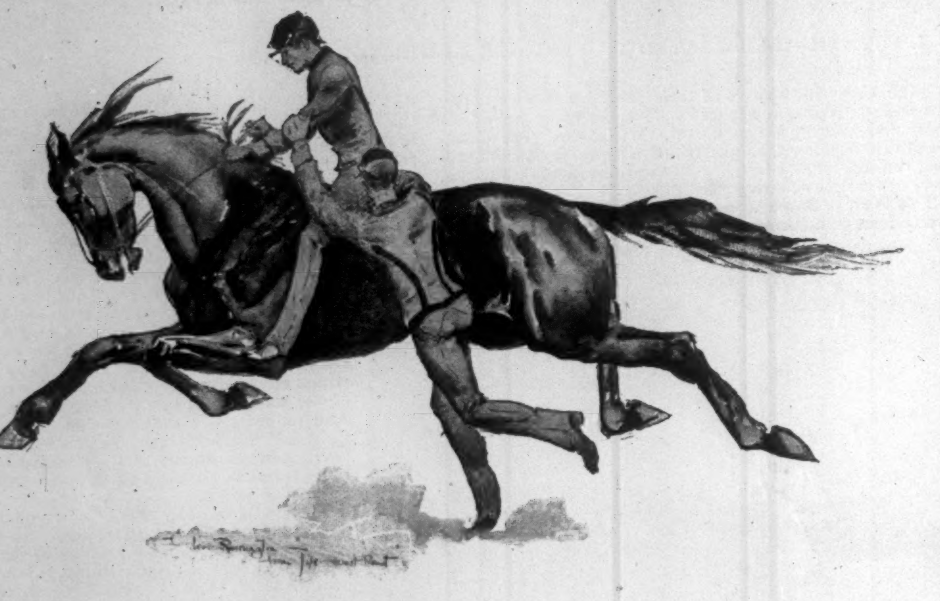
Horses are to be supplied. In purchasing, account must be taken of the service that will be required. A lighter horse for cavalry, a heavier one for artil-



THE BURSTING OF THE CHRYSALIS.



JUMP AND CUT.



MOUNTING DOUBLE AT GALLOP.

lery, is the rule. Eleven hundred pounds is a good cavalry weight. The horses at West Point have to do double duty; they serve as instruction steeds in the riding-hall, and they are harnessed in the light battery. They range in weight from one thousand to twelve hundred pounds. They are bought principally in Missouri, though small numbers are obtained from Kentucky and Vermont. The purchases are made through the Quartermaster's Department of the army. Some new horses received at West Point this fall from St. Louis cost the government $150 or $155 each, and this is the average price paid from year to year. A sound, intelligent horse is the first requirement, and having such an animal, his fitness for the cavalry branch of the service is quickly determined.

Eighty-five horses for cavalry and artillery use stand in the riding-school stables, and they repay a casual inspection. Just now they are fat, for they worked but little during the summer. Before the winter is over, they will be almost as lean and tough and wiry as the cadets who ride them. Each horse's name, printed on a white board, hangs over his stall, and these names generally recall some officer of the army who is now dead. Thus, there is Kearny, and Thornburgh, and Lawson, and Hodgson (named after a brave young lieutenant who perished with Custer in 1876); and Ned Casey recalls Lieutenant Casey, of the Twenty-second Infantry, the most lamented sacrifice of last winter's Pine Ridge campaign.

Some of the horses have been in use at West Point since 1876; by their years they are exempted from the harder service required of the others. But, despite sedate age, they are full of tricks picked up during their years in the riding-school, and they manifest unmistakable symptoms of delight when by a sudden swerve or leap they unseat their cadet riders and send them rolling in the tan-bark.

The horses occupy comfortable stalls extending down both sides of the long stables, and, standing at either end, one has an admirable perspective of whisking tails. The enlisted men of the cavalry detachment do the grooming, and keep the stable in excellent order. The most finical stickler on cavalry stables would find no fault with this; it is a good working model of what cavalry stables should be. All in this department is under the direct supervision and management of Captain L. A. Craig, Sixth Cavalry, instructor of cavalry tactics at the Military Academy, and of the assistant instructor, Lieutenant R. A. Brown, Fourth Cavalry.

After new horses are brought to West Point a considerable time elapses before they are brought into the riding-school; for cadets are never mounted on green animals. The horse first receives a certain degree of training, to accustom him to his new and unusual duties. When brought into the stables, he is placed in a stall adjoining those of experienced and quiet horses, that he may have the benefit of their example. Men at work about the stable are cautioned to approach quietly, and always speaking to him, that he may be gently accustomed to their presence. His diet even is carefully regulated, that he may become used to the government forage ration without injury.

His first exercise in the line of duty consists in being halter-led by a trooper mounted on a well-trained horse. After this a bridle may be placed on him, and the reins loosely tied and thrown over his neck. When he is properly fitted with a snaffle bridle, the cavesson, a light halter fitted with a nose band, is adjusted, and the longeing strap attached. The practice of the longe is to supple and teach the horse the free and proper use of his legs. It thus aids in forming his gaits, and in fitting him for the cavalry service. The length of the lessons is regulated to avoid overfatiguing the horse.

Then bending lessons are given. From them the horse acquires a proper carriage of the head and neck. They also serve to render him more manageable by teaching him to conform to the movements of the reins, and to yield to the pressure of the bit. He is taught to arch the neck, to raise or lower the head, and to bend it to the side. After this, the horse is thrown. This is done, if possible, more gently and carefully than the preceding exercises. The method used is a modification of the Rarey method. A strap is fastened around the off fore pastern, and passed over the back. As soon as the horse moves, under urging, the strap is pulled and held taut, thus bringing the heel against the forearm, and keeping it there. The horse is brought to his knees, and in this position he is permitted to remain, until of his own volition he lies down, obeying the repeated command, "Down!" He is not to be pushed over.

This lesson illustrates the theory and motive of all the training. The horse is considered as an animal of a single idea. He has no reasoning faculties beyond the limit of his experience, and consequently he is reasoned with by acts alone. In this lesson he becomes convinced of his own helplessness, and of man's power over him. No amount of plunging aids him; the end of it is that he is compelled to submit and lie down. But in this, as in the other measures of training, he finds that no harm comes to him; he is treated kindly and gently, but yet so firmly that he is compelled to obey. He learns to trust his master, and to obey without dissent. He is made to submit to man's control without exciting his resentment, or suffering other physical pain than that resulting from his own resistance.

The horse is now in a condition to step on to the tan-bark and meet the cadet. Both actors in the scenes to follow have been trained with this end in view. The cadet is a third-class man — in cadet phraseology a "yearling," from the fact that he has completed the first year's course of study, and has been advanced to the next year's class. During the year elapsed he has seen horses only at a distance; they have not existed for him. But while his more advanced comrades have been riding, and occasionally turning involuntary somersaults, he has been bringing his young muscles under good control, and rendering them supple in the gymnasium. He has there been turning somersaults with a purpose. The course of gymnastics is lacking in no essential particular, and it may quite properly be regarded as preparatory to the course in the riding-school, for it stops where the other begins; and the yearling undoubtedly presents a more creditable mounted appearance than would be the case should he pass to the riding-school without first rendering his muscles tense.

THE FIRST RIDING LESSONS.

The day on which he first puts on the riding uniform and marches to the riding-hall is notable to the cadet. It marks his progress; it is another reminder that he has cast off and left behind forever the petty discomforts of his first months at the academy. Hereafter he will take exercise in the gymnasium only at his own volition. His line of military and athletic instruction henceforth is to include only those things shared by the fortunate upper classmen.

But aside from this emancipatory joy are certain misgivings. Most of the yearlings have ridden but little, and that, necessarily, during their civilian existence. Some of them have never even mounted a horse. The class, as a whole, is very raw, though very pliant, material. And now it is a near future of uncomfortable jolting and of perilous unseating that the yearlings anticipate, the more fearfully because unknowingly, save for such tales as the experienced first-class and second-class men may have poured into their credulous ears. They have been told that they must expect nothing but to be thrown, that the first ride has for its immediate object only the tumbling of the cadet, and they are positively assured that they cannot learn to ride until the gloss has been taken from their new riding-trousers by repeated rollings in the tan-bark. Of course there is an element of truth in this, and it is not neglected; for the experienced one goes on to declare that nothing gives so much confidence as to find by actual trial that an unexpected plunge over the horse's shoulders does not hurt in the least; it teaches the application of new sets of muscles, and the yearling may mount again to sit a little more easily and securely on his barebacked steed.

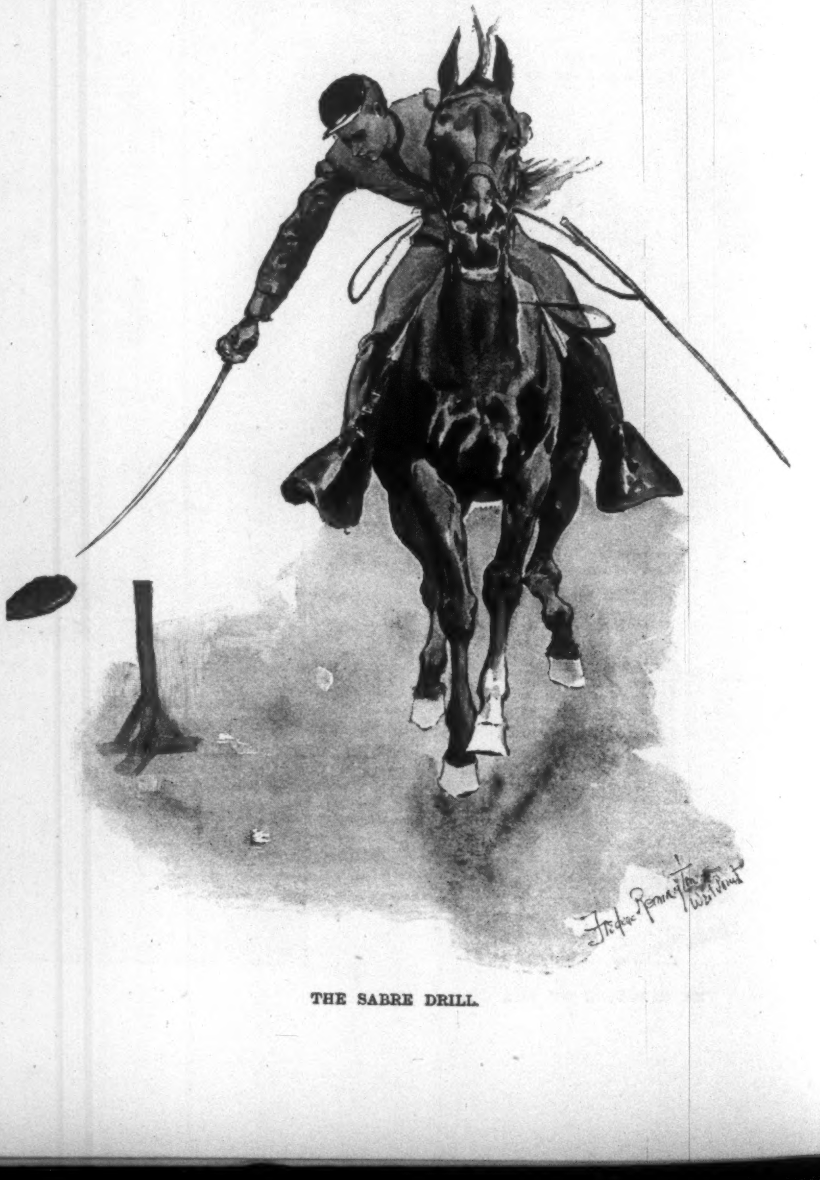
Many of the stories thus told by the upper classes in a sort of modest self-glorification for the trials through which they have passed are heirlooms handed down from preceding classes, and have no application at all at the present day; for the riding-school is progressive, keeping well abreast of the times. Formerly there was genuine cause for foreboding in the yearling mind. The class were marched to the riding-hall, where they discovered a row of horses, saddleless, blanketless, supplied only with watering-bridles, waiting for them, and rolling a white anticipative eye. At the command, they climbed upon the backs of these horses in such fashion as they might, and then in single file commenced a hazardous progress around the hall. The gait was accelerated from a walk to a trot, from a trot to a gallop, with a terrible accompaniment of cracking whips and shouted orders that nobody understood, or could have obeyed if they had. The cadets hung on, tooth and nail, hand and heel, monkey fashion, so long as they could, and then fearfully shot off tangentically at the corners. It was no unusual thing for the entire squad to be thus unwillingly dismounted within ten minutes from the beginning; for if any rider by chance survived so long, he was directed to change horses, and thus secured an unenviable steed that soon accomplished the alleged purpose.

Panting, perspiring, begrimed with tan-bark, the boys chased their horses, now filled with equine mischievousness, about the hall. The occasion was one of rare interest. It had been looked forward to expectantly, and the galleries were sure to be filled with ladies laughing unstintedly at the mishaps in the arena, so ludicrous did they appear. And the more headlong the pace and the hotter the chase, the more it was enjoyed—by the spectators. Yet sometimes, despite the watchful Providence that is said to hold cadets and small children in equal consideration, some serious thing would occur. Then the joke had been carried too far. And on such occasions these light-hearted ladies, now quite sober, have been known to descend from the gallery to the floor, and to bind up broken heads with a bandage of handkerchiefs.

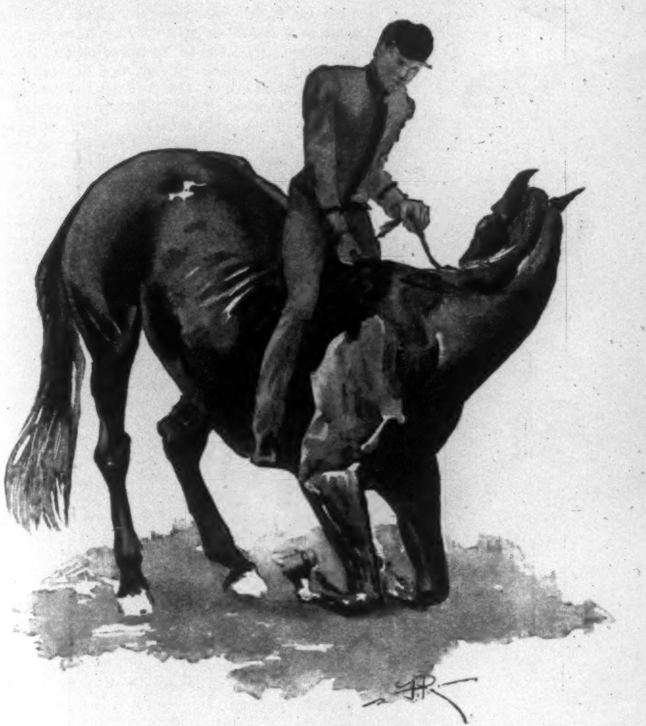
Now, this is all changed. To begin with, the third class is riding behind locked doors. No spectators are admitted; if anything occurs wounding to the cadet's *amour propre*, it is witnessed by no unsympathetic eyes. He no longer has to alternate his attention between the gallery and the lesson; he can concentrate his energies upon the serious business of the moment.

The riding year began November 1st. At that time a quarter of the third class went to the riding-hall for the first lesson. Half the class rides on alternate days in two squads, it being impossible for a greater number to ride at once with justice to the instructor or themselves. The third class found no barebacked horses awaiting them, as in years past, but horses fully caparisoned with saddles, blankets, and curb bits. Clearly and succinctly they were told how to mount—the manner of holding the reins, of grasping the mane, of rising into the saddle. They moved out in column of files, and circled the hall at a walk, the instructor watching each rider, correcting the seat, the length of the stirrup, the angle of the toe, the height of the bridle hand. Everything was done carefully, quietly, and thoroughly. The horses were not excited, and the cadets gained a great degree of confidence. The gait was increased to a trot, and no one fell off. While the intent and scope of the instruction remained as before—to enable the cadet to ride any kind of a horse under any circumstances — the method had undergone a change. There was no collection of hard-mouthed, barebacked thunder-bolts, no pack of battered, demoralized boys, but instead a set of well-behaved horses, with riders who gained knowledge and ability with every circuit of the hall. It was simply an extension and application of the kindly yet disciplinary care displayed towards the new raw horses in the stable.

This year, the first two rides of the third class were with saddles. The next two were also with saddles, but with crossed stirrups. This gave the cadets a lesson in balancing, and taught them that the stirrup is not altogether intended to hold on by. At the fifth ride the saddles had disappeared



THE SABRE DRILL.



THROWING HORSE.

altogether, the horses having blankets and surcingles. After a few blanket rides, this last merciful dispensation is removed, and the cadet arrives at his first bareback work. It has been done by slow advancement, by progressive degrees, and has been easy on both the cadet and the horse.

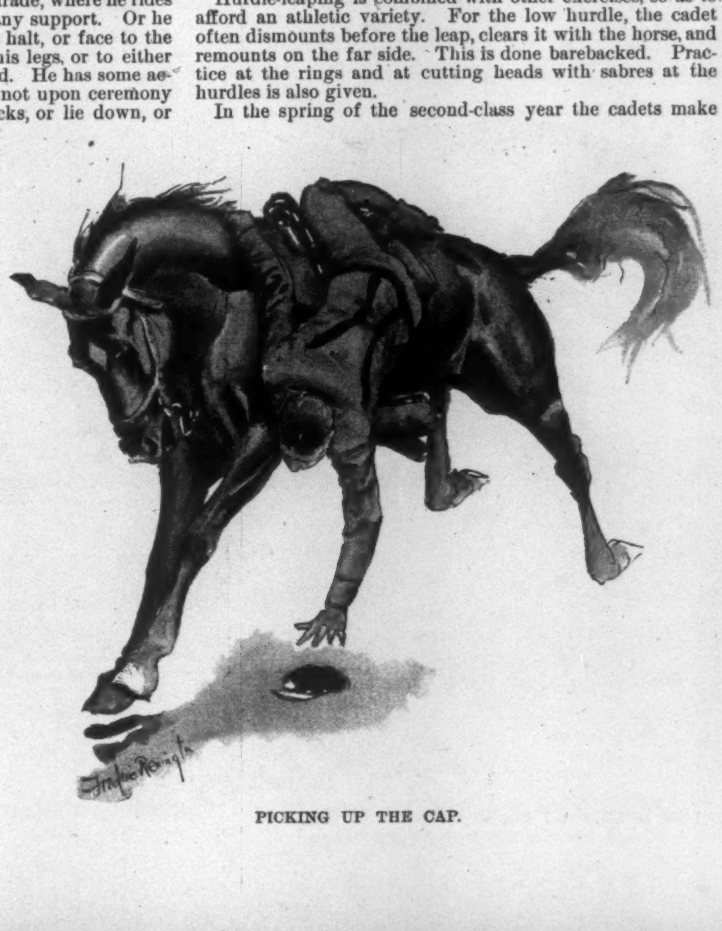
It will be a year before the third-class man sees a saddle again. His work during that time will be either on bareback or blanket. Having acquired some ability in keeping his seat at a trot not exceeding the pace of a cavalry column, he takes the gallop. And coincidently begins his practice in the mounted exercises.

This work, which is nothing else but instructions along the line of the high-school of riding, is of somewhat recent date at West Point. It was introduced by Captain E. S. Godfrey, Seventh Cavalry, who was instructor of cavalry tactics from 1879 to 1884. It has been amplified since that time by succeeding instructors, notably by Captain J. H. Dorst, Fourth Cavalry. The progressiveness of the school, its quickness to assimilate new and good ideas, is seen quite as clearly in this branch as in any other.

This is the work, excellence in which always commands admiration. It appeals to the cadet because it is dashing and impressive, and because it calls for strength and agility, in both of which the cadet excels. He must use his muscles to a purpose, be quick and accurate of eye, sure of hand and foot, prompt to catch the proper moment for his act. He declares it is a circus, lacking nothing but a band. It is a complete system of mounted gymnastics. The horse serves the cadet as a point of support, and sometimes shares with him the gymnastic attempt.

In the gymnasium proper, where the cadet, while a fourth-class man, or "plebe," has taken his good athletic exercise under competent instruction, one may see several wooden horses, covered with leather and stuffed with hair. They are of various sizes, some being taller than the tallest horse in the riding-school. For a year the cadet has exercised with these wooden dummies, vaulting them, mounting singly and doubly, turning somersaults over them. When he is sufficiently advanced in the riding-school, he essays the same manner of thing with the living animal. Riding him barebacked at an increased gait, he dismounts, mounts again, and vaults back and forth. Leaving his own horse, he runs across the hall, and mounts behind a comrade, where he rides with folded arms, disdaining to grasp any support. Or he will mount, dismount, and vault from a halt, or face to the rear, with a quick, scissorslike flip of his legs, or to either side. He is at home and all unrestrained. He has some acquaintance with the horses, and stands not upon ceremony with them. He will sit upon their backs, or lie down, or kneel, or stand up. He is quite unconcerned; it is circus day, and he is making up for the absence of the band.

He does not do all this at a moment's notice. The instructor carries no magic wand with which to wave such ability into his charges. It is progress, slow but sure, and the cadets do not get through the lesson unscathed. The thud of the rider thrown is a sound frequently heard during the progress of mounted exercises. A little inaccuracy betrays itself in his mounting, or the horse, gayly inclined, flirts his heels in the air at an inauspicious moment, and there follows the sudden hurling of a tumbled mass of gray-clothed matter from his back to the tan-bark. But what of it? Nobody has been hurt, and some new knowledge has been acquired. Each one of these boys realizes that he may be a cavalry colonel some day, though now he is but a colonel in the chrysalis. So he is not discouraged by a few hard knocks, but finds consolation in the reflection that he is in a very good company of lads, who are as knocked about as himself. A fig for a fling! Laugh and remount, and try again the little trick that was but now attended by misfortune. For horsemanship is not a gift of Heaven, but is acquired in this very school and by these very rough lessons.



PICKING UP THE CAP.

ADVANCED INSTRUCTION.

In November of the second-class year, riding, which is suspended during the spring and summer, is resumed. The second-class men take up the course of instruction where as third-class men they left it. But there will be more of the mounted exercises than of the monotonous pounding trot, of which they had so much while yearlings. Second-class riding is a continuous exercise in advanced athletics. Everything is attempted that in the next year is performed satisfactorily. This feature makes the rides very popular with sight-seers, and there is no bar to admission except the capacity of the galleries, and this, be it noted, is being increased by the building of an additional gallery across one end. The hour for riding comes late in the afternoon, and the big hall is lighted for the occasion by electricity.

The second-class men do all the things they learned as yearlings, and do them well, and emboldened by success, they throw their hearts into the work of mastering still more difficult feats. The year is productive of a great deal of "gallery riding"—riding for the benefit of the audience, displaying one's accomplishments to the highest notch to which they may rise. Not unfrequently, in an attempt to break his former record, the second-class man comes to grief in a harmless way, and is rewarded for his pains by low laughter in the galleries, and long-continued chaffing from his appreciative comrades. It cannot be said that anything especially hazardous is attempted, for nothing outside the prescribed curriculum is allowed at this time. But the feats laid down as permissible are essayed over and over again, for it is only by such experience that the correct manner can be gained.

There is exhilaration in the sight of second-class riding, and the audience, while enjoying its successes, thrills at its mishaps, for, seen from the gallery, the escape from serious injury does often appear narrow. Cadet luck at riding is proverbial, yet luck enters into the matter only as a very small element. The secret of immunity from harm lies in the thoroughness of the training and the progressiveness of the instruction. The cadet does not mount a horse at all until by training he is qualified to do so, and he does not essay the simplest of the mounted exercises until his instruction has progressed to that point. There is a world of detail in the preparation of the riding-school course that is known only to the instructors, and can be fully appreciated by them only.

While the cadet is gaining agility and suppleness in the riding-school, education of the horse is also progressing. The cadet can never become oblivious to the presence of the horse, and to the fact that he is an object of care. From the first, the cadet follows a prescribed method of mounting, of holding the reins, of pressures of the legs and motions of the reins to indicate to the horse changes of direction or of gait. The manner of moving out from a halt is carefully specified. Again, the horse is observed to turn more safely to the right or left, when galloping, if he gallops on the right or left foot; if galloping wrongly, he will change of his own accord at the turning-point; and a very pretty little piece of work is done in teaching the cadet to start his horse out on the proper foot, eliminating the necessity for a sudden change.

Much attention is paid to hurdle-leaping. All the horses take the three-foot hurdle, and some clear five feet in the leap with ease. But this is not altogether an exhibition of free-will on the part of the horse. It is necessary to strategically persuade him to overcome a disinclination to leap. The ordinary hurdle used in the riding-hall has been a padded pole, resting on supports at each side. The horses were but a short time in finding out that they could push the pole off with their knees without harm, and then continue on their way with only a pretence of jumping. Whips and spurs availed little against this discovery. To remedy the trouble a three-foot hurdle has been built of boards covering a triangular frame-work. It cannot be pushed over, and after once striking it with his knees, the horse rises in the leap, and clears it without offering the least objection.

Hurdle-leaping is combined with other exercises, so as to afford an athletic variety. For the low hurdle, the cadet often dismounts before the leap, clears it with the horse, and remounts on the far side. This is done barebacked. Practice at the rings and at cutting heads with sabres at the hurdles is also given.

In the spring of the second-class year the cadets make their first appearance outside the riding-hall. On pleasant days they take many a long ride over the country roads that wind among the surrounding hills. Occasionally they cross the river for a canter in Putnam County, and later may extend their ride to Peekskill for a visit to the camp of the New York State Guard. These rides are chiefly for instruction in the marching of cavalry columns. The gait is modulated to the requirements of the horses, alternating walk, trot, and easy gallop. The obstacles to the march presented by hills and by sandy or muddy roads are pointed out. The entire day may easily be taken up with a cavalry reconnoissance. And the occasions are greatly enjoyed by the cadets, because of their novelty, and because the exploring of new roads in pleasant places is always delightful.

Later, during the summer—when the second class has become the first class—the members receive some practical instruction in the care and stabling of horses. For two weeks the class spend two hours a day at the cavalry stables. They see the grooming, are taught the horse's good and bad points, and acquire some knowledge of the symptoms and methods of treatment of diseases most common to horses. The time allowed for this instruction is necessarily short, and it leaves much to be done after graduation by the cavalry officers. But the cadets may in this short time learn many things that will be of use to them later, when, as officers, they may be detailed on a "horse board," and are required to exercise their best professional judgment in behalf of the government's interests.

But the riding-hall work done by the first class in the fall and winter is the irrefutable evidence that the system is good, and that the changes made have all been made in the nature of improvements. The third class practise in private to avoid an exhibition of their anticipated mishaps. The second-class work is between wind and water—far superior to that of the year before, and yet only shadowing forth what another year will produce. But the first class rides. People who watch their exhibitions are there not to laugh, but to admire. It is this work that has given to the riding of cadets its reputation as a standard, being second to none in the country. The work of any one day in a week may be taken as typical; one does not have to pick and choose.

Upon mounting, some little delay is encountered while the stirrups are adjusted to the proper lengths. Sabres are drawn, and at a brisk trot the line breaks by fours to the right and sweeps around the hall. Nothing drags; the boys and the horses both feel that they have business on hand for immediate attention. The fours break into column of files and the pace is increased to a round gallop. The cadets go through the moulinets, swinging their sabres front and rear in bright circles—grand work for the wrist. Then, forming in two squads at opposite ends of the hall, they ride out successively at the gallop, and make the circuit of the hall, striking with their sabres at leather "heads" placed at intervals on posts and on the ground.

(Continued on page 544.)

A STRANGLER VINE.

In the vegetable not less than in the animal kingdom exists the type of the octopus, and in various phases is repeated the tragedy of Laocoön. A striking example of such a kind is afforded no further away than that epitome of earth's choicest natural beauty, New York's famous recreation-ground.

In the northern part of Central Park, opposite West 102d Street, the stream and bordering foot-path connecting Lotus Pool and the Loch pass under a handsome arched bridge of ashlar-pointed granite and freestone masonry. The interior of the arch contains upon one side a recess for a seat; on the other, in a tiny grotto, the stream widens to a semicircular pool.

The upper end of the arch opens upon a glen with sides of jagged rock, down which the stream falls in a cascade. Overlooked from the upland by deciduous trees, native pines and hemlocks, fresh and vigorous, darken this ravine with widespreading branches receding upward to gracefully rounded conical tops. Forth from the rocks, looking in their leafless state like knots of snakes, and in bloom like their green and flowering ambush, creep enormous wild vines, bending and winding toward the nearest trees to fasten to them, and clinging by tentacles that forever tighten, writhe upward about trunk and branches.

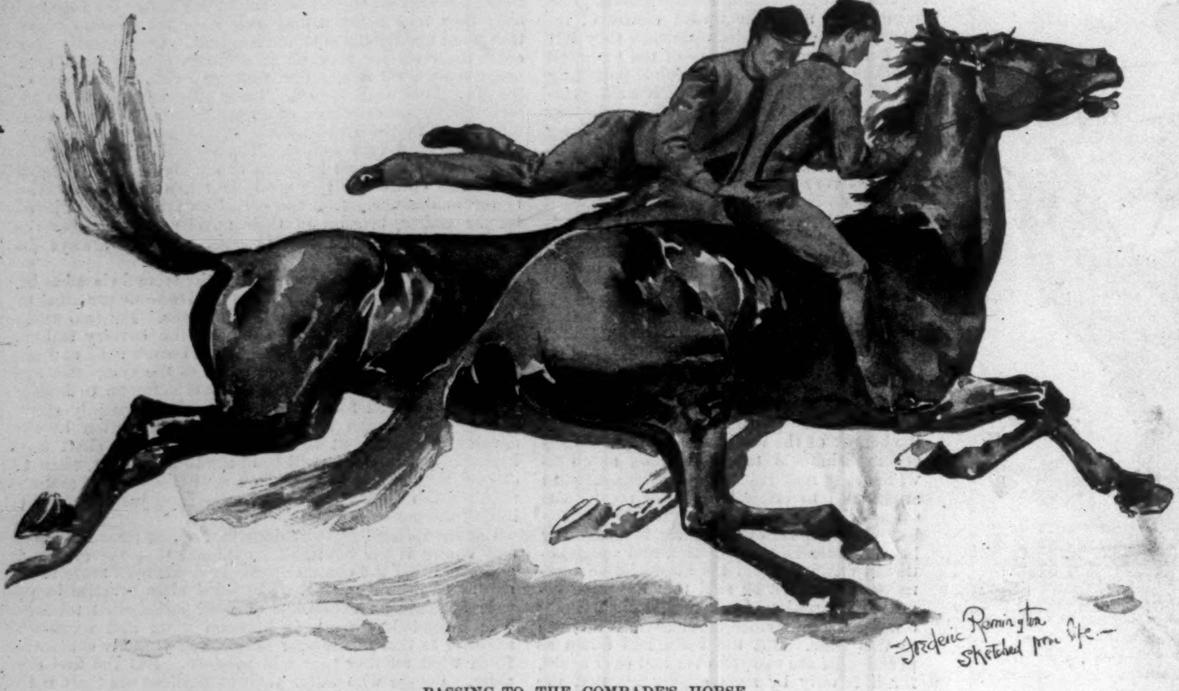
Here on the south bank, close by the bridge and water, stands a pine-tree a foot in diameter, dying, almost dead. Its dry falling bark, limbs short and lifeless except a few stunted boughs still faintly green, and the decaying blunted top show that it has succumbed to the stifling embrace of a relentless enemy. A wild vine stem four inches in diameter, springing from the soil close by its foot, divides near the ground into two stalks—one of which shoots straight aloft, to twine itself among the branches; the other, the strangler vine, goes directly to the tree, to wind upward about its trunk. It encircles it three times below the lower branches, and laps it in shorter and more frequent turns as it mounts among the boughs to the very top.

The vine evidently seized its victim when the tree was considerably smaller than at present, and with the growth of the two came a life and death struggle, the one forcing its circumference outward with the pressure of natural expansion against the folds of the other, which, stretched to the utmost, has exerted its great tensile strength to resist being torn asunder. In this battle without quarter, the vine, flattening and hardening under the enormous strain, has sunk deeply into the trunk, compressing the sapwood through which the sap should rise to nourish the branching head, now perishing literally from thirst and starvation.

Not only the fated tree, but the twin shoot of the strangler, starting at the main stalk, equal in size, is caught in its deadly embrace. Nine or ten feet above the ground a coil of the fratricide encloses its brother vine between itself and the tree, flattening it to a broad thin sheet, above which the captive expands, as if in agony, into a great knot, from which its growth upward continues with marked diminution of size. Still higher the arms of the strangler curl repeatedly about those of its weaker brother, throttling some of them, and, holding the dead stalks in their tendrils, reach beyond to attach themselves to those still living.

Other smaller vines of the same species dart from the water's edge into the branches of the doomed tree, and in their race, intertwining in numberless coils, the stronger stems actually have pulled asunder some of the weaker ones, and, rearing aloft, bear upward with them the lifeless stalks fast held in their twists and curls.

Clarence Pullen.



PASSING TO THE COMRADE'S HORSE.

(*Continued from Page* 543.)

Then the bareback exercise begins. Half the class are mounted, half dismounted. The latter seize their mounted comrades by the arm and blouse, and mount behind them at a gallop; dismount and swing on again with perfect surety; or the cadet in front dismounts, throwing his leg over the horse's neck, and remounts behind. Again, all are mounted on their respective horses, and the gallop is continued in column of twos; the cadet on the right holds the reins of both horses. A word of command, and half the horses are riderless, the other half carrying double; another command and each horse has its own rider again. This is quick, sharp work, and neatly done.

But the pace tells, and a breathing halt is called. Suddenly a horse goes down; there was no struggle; he lies quietly on his side. Another and another follow suit. This is the work of the high-school applied in the army cavalry tactics. The rider throws his horse, or compels him to lie down, without dismounting. It shows wonderful control over the animal, and the high state of discipline to which it can be made subject. Some of the horses insist on turning around to examine the ground before obeying; but they obey, and every horse in the squad lies down.

In a twinkling all are on their feet, and the cadets astride of them, waiting the next exercise. It is the hurdles. But few of the horses balk; nearly all go over without trouble. The cadet on the best jumper is glad at heart, for he has the advantage of his, comrades, being allowed to take the five-foot hurdle, while they must be content with a leap of three feet. After this, the squads again face each other and move out like opposing forces. They are. Each cadet selects an opponent in the opposite squad. The two come together, grasp any hold they can secure, and tug and pull in the attempt to unseat each other. This is mounted wrestling. Two good riders may wrestle all day with no result but fatigue. But some one who is a shade poorer on the horse is conquered, and pulled off roughly fore or aft, in any way by which victory can be achieved.

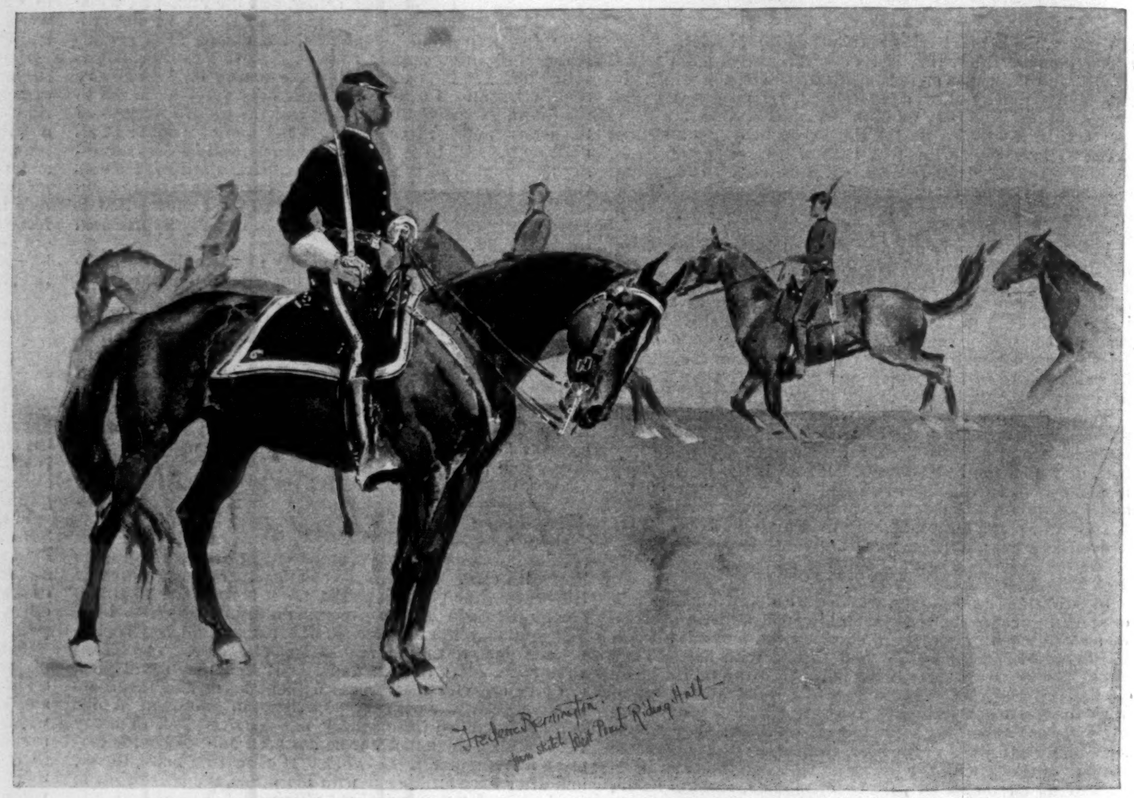
After that comes the pursuit. One cadet, usually a very good rider, moves out; a half-dozen others follow. They overtake him or head him off at the corners, and laying violent hands upon him, attempt to drag him from his horse. The speed is variant. Now the pursued is blocked; now he gallops rapidly away. He defends himself with good sound knocks on the persons of his adversaries, and may even unseat some of them. Finally he is cornered. He cannot escape by fleetness, and must even fight for it. And fight he does. But superior numbers close in, and at last he must cling with heels in the horse's sides and arms about his neck to avoid being rolled in the dust. A half-dozen cadets may sometimes be unable to dismount their single adversary in the time allotted for the attempt.

The last few moments of the hour are devoted to riding at will. Then may be seen a fine exhibition of leaping and vaulting and of riding in unwonted positions. The more venturesome will practise snatching objects from the ground while at full speed, a feat that all do readily with saddles, but only a few conquer bareback.

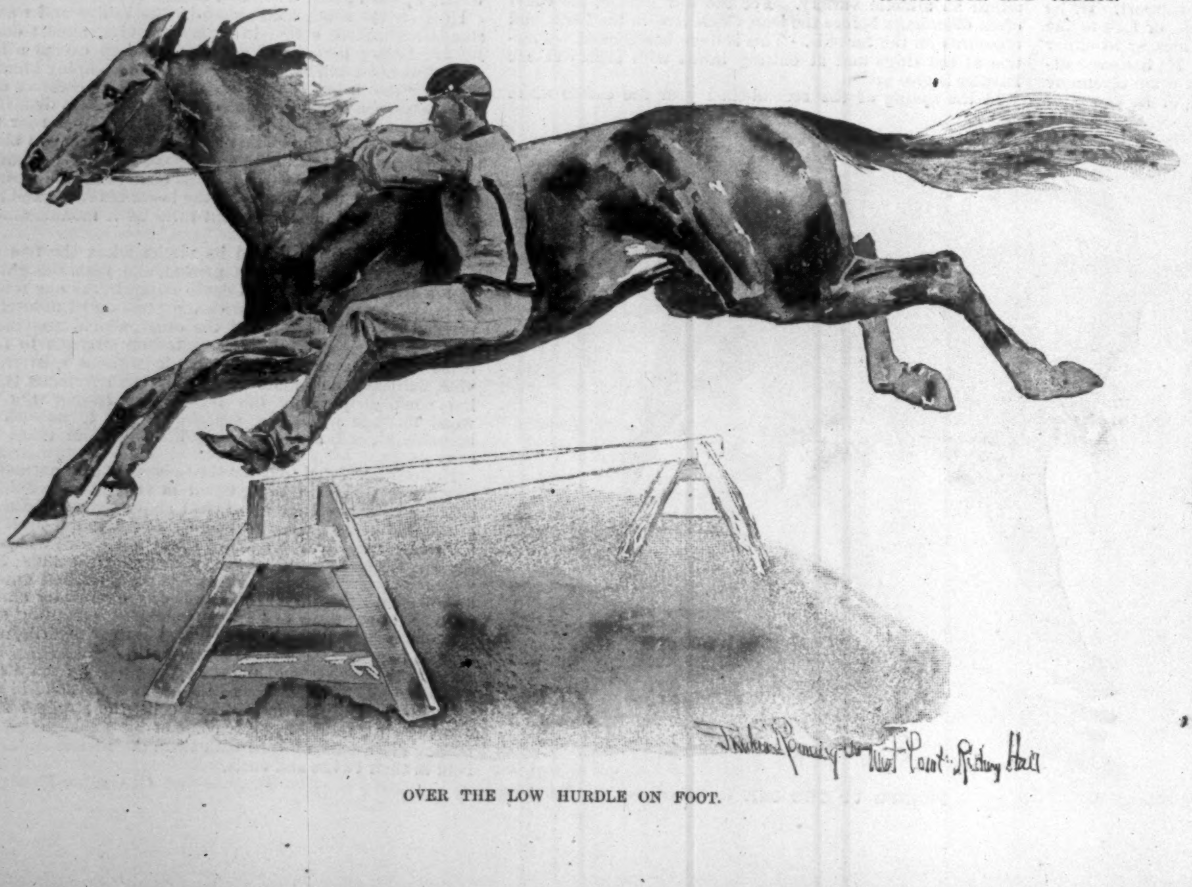
The rides on the road are continued during the first-class year, and much time is devoted to cavalry tactics in the school of the battalion. And the course closes with the famed graduation ride in June, which is nothing less than an examination of proficiency in the difficult arts of riding and horsemanship that all pass with merit.

The same equipments are used in the school as in the cavalry branch of the military service. There is the McClellan saddle and the heavy curb bit. The long stirrup is the invariable rule, being insisted upon. In fact, the long stirrup and the McClellan saddle go together naturally, and are looked upon as the best for the service. The bit is not held in so high esteem.

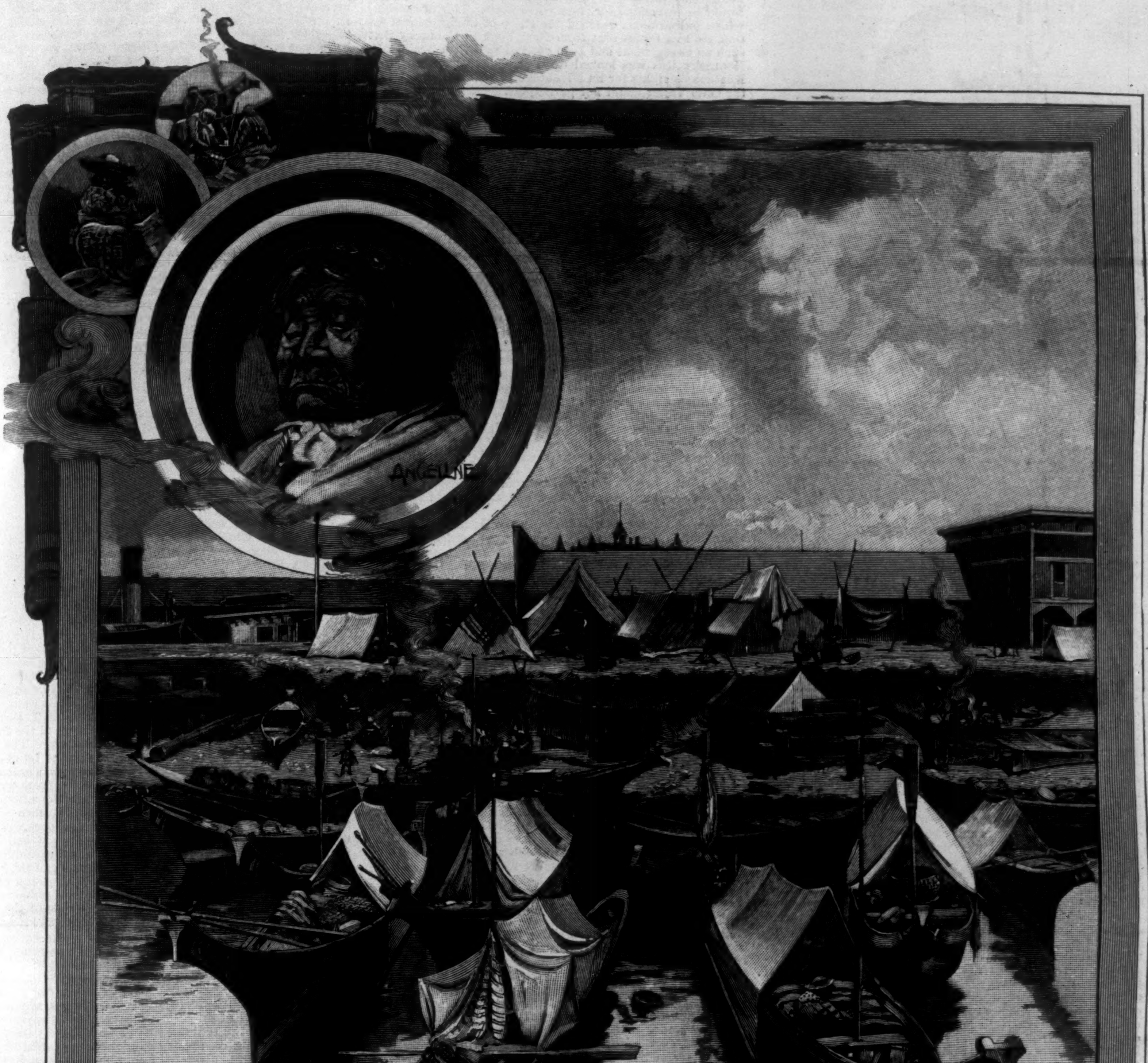
The riding-school of the United States Military Academy does not pretend to put the finishing touches on a cadet's equestrian education. It gives to all alike, and the engineer, the artillerist, and the infantry officer have the same elementary knowledge as the man who elects to serve his country in the mounted branch. Less than one-third of the graduates are commissioned in the cavalry, and these not always in accordance with their fitness for the service. It would be worse than a wrong use of valuable time to go into the refined niceties of riding with these other two-thirds. But the cavalry officer is well grounded. The school is already high school, and is yearly becoming more so. The effect on the cavalry service is already marked; for the young lieutenant finds here a limitless school in which to take a post-graduate course. His improvement and that of the cavalry branch keep pace together, and the result is the American school of riding. The Military Academy riding-school is said to produce better riders than horsemen. The effect of the American school of riding is to even up the inequalities, and produce a finished rider, who also shall have no superior as a horseman.


Frederic Remington.
from sketch West Point Riding Hall—

INSTRUCTOR AND CADETS.

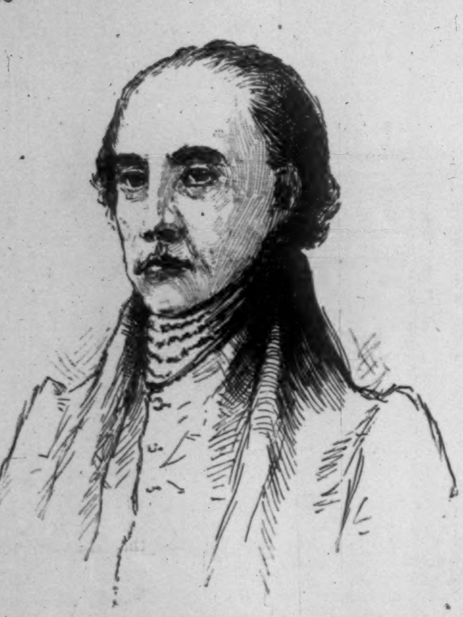

Frederic Remington West Point Riding Hall

OVER THE LOW HURDLE ON FOOT.


ANGELINE
W. H. BULL
SEATTLE

INDIAN ENCAMPMENT ON BALLAST ISLAND, SEATTLE.—DRAWN BY W. H. BULL.—[SEE PAGE 546.]

SCENE DURING THE HOP-PICKING SEASON.



JOHN FILSON.

From a miniature in an old book that once belonged to him, now in possession of Reuben T. Durrett, of Louisville, Kentucky.

KENTUCKY'S CENTENNIAL.

BY JNO. GILMER SPEED.

WHENEVER the novelist or playwright has occasion to create a Kentuckian, the same type is pretty nearly always chosen. This type represents a tall thin man, extravagant, loud and boastful in speech, and unconventional in all things. In all probability, this type never fairly represented any large class of Kentuckians; but there were at least two generations of Kentuckians whose independent and dauntless characteristics might have been fairly exaggerated for artistic purposes into the sort of man mentioned. To those who do not know Kentucky from close personal observation, this kind of man is the one pretty nearly always thought of when a native of the Blue Grass State is alluded to. The exuberant person of romance has now entirely passed away as a type, and individuals of such characteristics are no more numerous in Kentucky than elsewhere in America. But the modified form of this type was frequently met during the period between the close of the second war with Great Britain and the beginning of the civil war between the States. At this time of the celebration of the hundredth anniversary of Kentucky's admission to the Union, it may be interesting to review the cause which led to the formation of these peculiar manners and characteristics.

Kentucky was settled by Virginians, who began coming to what was then known as the "Colony of Transylvania" in 1774, and the settlements were made under the authority of his Majesty George the Third, acting through his agent, the Governor of Virginia. Boone's expeditions into this country and the reports of what he found had given it a great reputation for fertility. The land-hunger, so notable a characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon, was very strongly developed in the Elizabethan English. It was transmitted to the Virginians in even an intenser form, so that during the period of the Revolutionary war, when the colonies were engaged in a life-and-death struggle, many hundreds of families forsook comfortable homes and what would seem to have been patriotic duties to brave death in the wilds of Kentucky, and secure free and fruitful lands. Professor Shaler, in commenting on this, says, "There is no similar spectacle in history that is so curious." And indeed in all the settlement of the continent beyond the Atlantic seaboard States there has been no instance in which the motives of the new settlers were so plainly marked. The Western immigration has been fostered and protected by the government, but these people could look to no protection except that they gave to themselves.

From the time of the first settlement at Harrodsburg to the admission of Kentucky to Statehood on June 1, 1792, was seventeen years, and during all this while these new settlements, this Virginia district, had been compelled to govern itself, and to protect itself against the hostile Indians, whose favorite hunting-grounds were being occupied by these hardy pioneers. By the time Kentucky had become a State there were something like one hundred thousand inhabitants, of whom probably twenty per cent. were negro slaves. As early as 1786, at the earnest request of delegations from Kentucky, Virginia passed a bill of separation. This bill stipulated, however, that Kentucky should belong to Virginia until the Federal Congress had admitted the new colony to Statehood. Then began the long wait of six years before Kentucky attained her sovereignty.

During this wait, which was inexplicable to the impatient pioneers ambitious to found a State, many things happened to try their tempers and test their self-restraint. It seemed to them that the Federal government was hostile, and that Kentucky's attitude was quite similar to that of the colonies to Great Britain in 1776. They could not in their impatience understand how the Federal authorities, embarrassed in the administration of a new and untried form of government, were inclined to shirk any more responsibilities. The greater number of the Kentucky leaders desired that the Constitution of the United States should not be adopted, so that they might, by the breaking up of the confederation, be left free to deal with their problems in their own way. There was another grave matter of dissatisfaction with the Federal government. At that time Spain was in possession of both sides of the Mississippi River below the parallel of thirty-one degrees. That power, therefore, had the right to control the navigation of the river below that point to the sea. The development of the resources of Kentucky naturally depended upon the free navigation of the Mississippi, and it was impossible for them to understand that the very water that flowed by their doors could not bear their boats without tariff or restrictions on to the Gulf of Mexico. They assumed that it was the action of the Federal government that deprived them of this right. Congress then sat—during Washington's first administration—in New York, and Mr. John Jay, the Secretary of State, had under discussion with the Spanish Minister a convention by which, in consideration of certain commercial concessions from Spain to the United States, the question of free navigation of the Mississippi would be suspended for twenty-five years. This discussion, which indeed never reached the stage of Congressional action, led to a report sent from New York to Kentucky that such an engagement had been entered into with Spain. In Kentucky this was looked upon as a deliberate barter of Kentucky's rights for an advantage in which the people of the Ohio Valley could not participate.

This report was spread by General Wilkinson, who was in favor of setting up an independent State with an alliance with Spain. General Wilkinson was a man of energy and ability, and had been a soldier in the Revolutionary army. He had a nice taste for conspiracies, and was later concerned in the abortive adventures of Aaron Burr, and twice tried on military charges. In the inflamed condition of the public mind towards the Federal government, Wilkinson had quite a following in favor of a policy that was not acceptable to the most conservative men in the State. He went to New Orleans in pursuance of his scheme, and returned in a few months with a private trading treaty that permitted him "to import, free of duty, all the productions of Kentucky." Wilkinson's hands were somewhat strengthened by John Brown, who represented Kentucky in the Virginia Assembly, and was afterwards a Senator in Congress from Kentucky. Brown saw that the opposition to the admission of Kentucky was very strong in the Northern States, so, in private letters to prominent men at home, he urged the people to set up an independent State, and gave, as a result of his conferences with the Spanish Minister, that an independent State would be able to make more favorable terms with Spain than the United States could do. It is not thought that Brown really intended to play into Wilkinson's hands, but rather to coerce, by the threat of independent action, the Federal government into the admission of Kentucky. These policies ultimately had their effect, and in February, 1791, Congress passed an act admitting Kentucky on the 1st of June, 1792. And so Kentucky became the fifteenth State in the Union—Vermont having been admitted as the fourteenth a year before.

While the question of admitting the State to the Union was pending, some of the best men in the settlements were preparing to make a Constitution, in which should be embodied principles best adapted for the wants of this particular people. In Danville there met regularly from 1786 to 1790 a Political Club formed of the foremost men of the State. They debated all the public questions of interest in the colony at that time, and also the Constitution of the United States. These debates and decisions under them had no official significance, but they showed very plainly what was the best public opinion in Kentucky at that time. And when it became necessary to frame a Constitution, there were men prepared in this very club to do the work. The Constitution as adopted was outlined in the action of this Political Club, many members of which also sat in the Constitutional Convention, and were among the early legislators. The minutes of this club were found in 1878 by the author of that interesting book, *The Wilderness Road*, Mr. Thomas Speed, of Louisville, in the desk of his grandfather, who was the secretary of the club. Nothing was remembered of the club previous to this "find," and Mr. George Nicholas, who a hundred years ago was a recent comer from Virginia, was generally looked upon as practically the sole author of the Constitution. But it turns out on an examination of these minutes that a committee of the Political Club had, in drawing up a form of government for Kentucky, outlined the Constitution afterwards adopted. As the Convention only sat seventeen days, it is unlikely that there was much division of opinion. In this Constitution there was at least one novel provision. All male citizens of proper age not disfranchised by conviction of crime were given the suffrage. This probably was the first experiment of manhood suffrage in any modern state. The article in regard to slavery stipulated that no slaves should be brought into the State as merchandise, that none should be brought that had been imported into America since 1789, and it recommended that the Legislature should make laws permitting the emancipation of slaves under limitations that would prevent them from becoming charges on the counties in which they lived. The judges of the courts were appointed by the Governor, and had no specified term of office. This was in accordance with the universal custom of the time. One curious feature of the Constitution was the survival of an old English prejudice—no ministers of the gospel were permitted to hold office as legislators. This is remarkable in that it is pretty nearly the only trace of the limitation of the citizens' rights, and any one who will read Professor George W. Ranck's interesting book, *The Travelling Church*, will readily see that the Baptist parsons were clearly no element of danger to the State.

The State government was organized by the selection of General Isaac Shelby, of Lincoln County, as Governor. General Shelby, a native of Maryland, was the son of a Revolutionary colonel, and had himself been an officer of note in the struggle for independence. He was made a captain by Governor Patrick Henry, and a major by Governor Thomas Jefferson. It was he who suggested to General Horatio Gates the campaign which led to the victory of Cowpens. Previous to the Revolution he had gone to Bristol in Tennessee with his father, and after the war he had joined with the brilliant John Sevier in the effort to found the State of Franklin. In 1783 he went to Kentucky, where he lived until his death in 1826. He built the house, "Traveller's Rest," when he first came to Kentucky, and lived there all the time except during his term as Governor and while he commanded the Kentucky troops during the second war with Great Britain. No other offers of public employment could induce him to leave his home and the agricultural pursuits to which he was devoted. He was six times a Presidential elector.

The admission of the State to the Union did not end the efforts of the Spaniards to induce Kentucky to proclaim her independence. For many years Spanish emissaries were maintained in Kentucky, but they only succeeded in disgracing one or two public men who loved money more than honor. And then came the revolt against the unconstitutional and indefensible alien and sedition laws. This resulted in the Kentucky resolution of 1798, of which so much was heard in those perilous days preceding the great civil war. This was the first formulation of the spirit of opposition to unlimited Federal power, and some students have seen in the resolutions the spirit of nullification and secession itself. Jefferson approved of the resolutions, if he did not actually write them. Then came Burr's bubble empire, and his effort to induce the adventuresome Kentuckians to enlist in his buccaneering project. The next exciting era in Kentucky annals was the war of 1812, and the participation of her troops in the singularly inexpert campaigns of General William Henry Harrison in the Northwest, and finally under Jackson in the great victory at New Orleans. From then until 1846, when the Mexican war began, the problems that Kentucky had to solve were financial and commercial, and differed in no great way from those in other States at the same time. In the Mexican war, the general government asked Kentucky for 2600 men. At once 10,000 volunteered, so that it became a struggle for the chance of service. Zachary Taylor, the hero of that war, was a Kentuckian, and under him the Kentucky troops fought. From the close of the Mexican war to the breaking out of the rebellion there was nothing singular in the political history of Kentucky, except, perhaps, the triumphs of the Know-Nothing party in 1855. Kentucky had comparatively no foreign population, and the Catholics were highly respected citizens, and yet this singular outbreak of frenzy took possession of a majority of the Kentucky voters. There was a steady growth of the antislavery party from 1850 to 1860. In the troubled times when the Union almost fell to pieces, the position of Kentucky was most trying. A majority of her people were for the Union, but there was a neighborly sympathy for the South. She chose to be neutral. This, however, she could not be, and of her best she gave to both sides so largely that there was scarcely a man capable of bearing arms who was not arrayed on one side or the other. To the Union she gave her full quota of men, and it is likely that never in the history of any modern State have so large a proportion of the population borne arms as was the case with Kentucky during the civil war. Since the end of that struggle the progress in Kentucky has been steady and great. The men, having pretty nearly all been fighters, shook hands when the battles were over, and went to work with good spirit to restore the ravages of war. In 1790 the population of Kentucky was 73,677. In 1800 this had increased to 220,955; in 1810 to 406,511; in 1820 to 564,135; in 1830 to 687,917; in 1840 to 779,828; in 1850 to 982,405; in 1860 to 1,155,684; in 1870 to 1,321,011; in 1880 to 1,648,690; and in 1890 to 1,858,635.

This shows that in its pioneer days, that is, up to 1810, the increase was very great. Since then it has been quite steady except from 1830 to 1840, when there was a great drain from Kentucky to the more western States.

The Centennial celebration in Louisville is in charge of the Filson Club. This club is engaged in gathering and preserving the annals of the State. It is named for John Filson, the author of *Discovery, Settlement, and Present State of Kentucke*, Wilmington, Delaware, 1784. This book, probably the first printed account of Kentucky, was reprinted in England in 1792, 1793, and 1797. It was also translated into French, and printed in Paris in 1785. The author was killed by Indians on the Miami River in 1788. He was half owner of the land which is now the site of Cincinnati. His book is interesting and remarkable for the personal reminiscences of Daniel Boone that it contains. Indeed, it is mainly to Filson's book that Boone owes his enduring fame. Its early popularity is attested by the frequency of the editions in London. Colonel R. T. Durrett, the author of a life of Filson, is the president of the Filson Club, and Mr. Thomas Speed is the secretary. The programme for the celebration in Louisville on the 1st of June is as follows: In the morning, at Macauley's Theatre, an historical address from Colonel Durrett, and a poem written for the occasion by Henry T. Stanton. In the afternoon, at the same place, short addresses by notable men of the State. In the evening, a dinner at the Galt House, with the usual accompaniments of music and toasts. It had been the intention of the Filson Club to hold an exhibition of relics and trophies illustrating the early history of the State, but this unfortunately was abandoned. An account of the proceedings will be issued as one of the club publications. In these publications, by-the-way, are materials of the very greatest value to the persons who shall undertake some day to write an adequate history of the State.

INDIAN HOP-PICKERS ON PUGET SOUND.

THE city of Seattle, picturesque at all times, acquires an additional feature of interest at that season of the year when it is invaded by the Indians, who come hither by thousands to do the picking on the big hop ranches of Washington. From their homes in British Columbia and even from far Alaska they paddle and sail down the coast, across the Strait of Fuca, and over the sound to Seattle. Here, for a time, many make their camping-ground, and their strange canoes, crowded together in scores, may be seen in convenient inlets or other places along the neighboring shores, while the banks are crowded with rudely constructed tents and other hastily built habitations. Certain localities along the wharves of Seattle, and especially "Ballast Island," an unoccupied piece of land lying in the commercial portion of the city, are regularly taken possession of by these ruddy-faced invaders. Their canoes, really picturesque affairs, are perhaps the most interesting of their belongings. These craft, in which they carry their families and household goods, are constructed entirely of a single piece of wood, being hewn by them out of huge solid logs. Their seaworthiness is extraordinary, for even with such loads of people and goods they have often to brave severe storms on their long passages down the coast. The Indians generally travel in groups, and their arrival out on the bay in these odd and brilliantly painted boats, all of a curiously uniform pattern, and laden with perhaps a family of a dozen, presents a striking scene. A distant view is more likely to inspire one with ideas of the picturesqueness of these people than a closer acquaintance after they have landed and the aged squaw is preparing the meal for her lord, the numerous pappooses, and the remainder of the family. Yet, grouped about the pan of clams and the big black dirty pot in which is boiling a huge salmon, head, tail, and all, they seem thoroughly contented with their mode of life, and apparently desire no more extended menu, claiming, in fact, that they now live "just like Boston man."

They divide their time on these trips between the hop-gathering and the catching of fish and the digging of clams. They also bring with them and vend about the streets prettily woven baskets and large rugs and mats of wood fibre. On their return from the hop fields, where they are paid the same for their labor as the whites, money is plenty with them, and they do not scruple to spend it for anything which may attract their attention in the store windows; and as the canoes start homeward, laden with their purchases, gaudy bits of raiment on the old, flaring red blankets on the young maids, and strange misfits on the children indicate that all are returning happy.

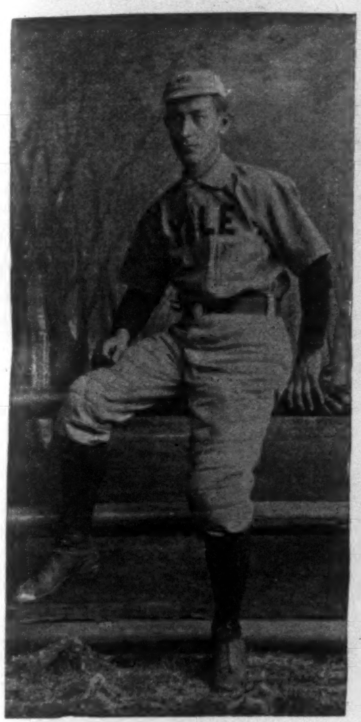
Many of these Indians make their home about the sound country, and a character to be seen often on the streets of Seattle is "Old Angeline," the daughter of Chief Seattle, for whom the place was named. No one knows her age, although it is probably not so great as her appearance indicates. Angeline is provided for by local contributions in view of her distinguished ancestry, and is looked up to with deference by the rest of the tribe.

W. H. BULL.

AMATEVR · SPORT

Owing to Decoration day falling on Monday, this department went to press Friday, May 27th.

The first opportunity of seeing the *Wasp* in racing trim will probably be given next Saturday, on the occasion of the Larchmont Yacht Club's Spring Regatta. Mr. Rogers promised us his 46-footer would be seen in every one of the early races, and as we have heard nothing to the contrary, the Herreshoffs' latest will undoubtedly start. There will, however, be nothing in her class to race against. No one has heard of any prospect of activity among last year's tail-enders in this class. An occasional squib about the *Sayonara* finds its way into the papers, but whether her owner will pluck up courage enough to start her is hard to say. *Mineola* is not likely to do anything, and it is to be regretted her showing was not sufficiently good last year to tempt her owner into the contest this year, for this class, with its changing models, needs sportsmanship and a long purse, both of which Mr. August Belmont has.



PITCHER BOWERS.

The *Alborak* is undergoing changes at Lawley's, under General Charles J. Paine's immediate supervision. Indeed, the General has taken full charge of the yacht, and proposes to stand sponsor for her future performances. What she will be able to do is too difficult to even hint. Those who have seen her, however, since the overhauling, say she looks even more of a monstrosity than she did last year.

One thing is absolutely assured—that if the *Alborak* does not give a good account of herself, the General will not rest until he has a yacht in the winning class that will sustain the reputation of the family.

At length there appears to be some prospect of the New York Yacht Club's seriously considering the dissatisfaction that is rife, not only in American yachting circles, but among the club's own members, over the present much-discussed *America's* Cup Deed of Gift. The history of the deeding and redeeding of this famous trophy makes curious reading. The club has been severely criticised by sportsmen in both England and America for the manner in which this cup has been manipulated backward and forward between the club and those who had any part in the original deeding. The cup was originally given the club by Commodore Stevens, George Schuyler, *et al.*, after they had won it with the old schooner *America*, to hold in trust as a perpetual challenge cup. After the Canadian schooner *Atalanta* had raced for it, the New York Yacht Club, wanting a change in the conditions, gave it back to the then sole surviving one of the donors, George Schuyler, and he made out a new deed, and one presumably agreeable to the New York Yacht Club, and returned the cup with it. After the *Volunteer-Thistle* race, the club again wanted a change, and again Mr. Schuyler redeeded it to them with such amendments as they choose. This constitutes the present deed. The especial objections to this one is the dimension clause, which requires the challenging yacht to state all her principal dimensions ten months before the race. It is this "stand and deliver" proviso that the English have strenuously opposed, and in which they are sustained by all sportsmen in America whose range of vision extends beyond their own vine and fig-tree.

Altogether the best thing that has ever happened for the welfare of amateur horse-racing is the recent organization of The American Hunt and Pony Racing Association, which is really an amalgamation for this purpose of the A. P. R. A. and the hunt clubs, brought about practically by S. S. Howland in the interest of amateur sport. It will be remembered that at the last meeting of the A. P. R. A. certain amendments to the rules were adopted which widened the scope of the association very materially, and at the same time a resolution was brought forward by Mr. Howland looking to a union of the hunt clubs and the A. P. R. A. On May 10th a dinner at the Riding Club was attended by over sixteen, among them the representatives of eleven hunt clubs, and it was then and there resolved that the clubs would join the A. P. R. A. in the establishment of a common association to govern these interests, provided Messrs. Wadsworth, Mather, Howland, Herbert, and Maddox were elected to the Executive Committee, and the by-laws and constitution so changed as to bring in all matters connected with hunting and hunt races. At the A. P. R. A. meeting on May 19th this was agreed to. The new committee will organize as soon as possible, and proceed to drafting out such rules as it may deem best to add to those of the present association, as well as amending those now in force.

The object of this new association is to watch over the interests of all amateur sport that has to do with horses, to license gentlemen riders, to recognize, if it sees fit, new hunts as well as those already established, to give certificates to properly qualified hunters, and, in short, look carefully after the interests of the various hunts as well as pony-racing. The committee appointed is in no respect sectional, as it includes representatives from Philadelphia, Genesee Valley, Virginia, and Long Island. An effort will be made to have the rules and classes of this association adopted by all the hunts, country clubs, and horse shows of the country, and there is no doubt of its meeting with general support and approval.

The association has now sounded the key-note of success. The project is one that must appeal to every sportsman in the land.

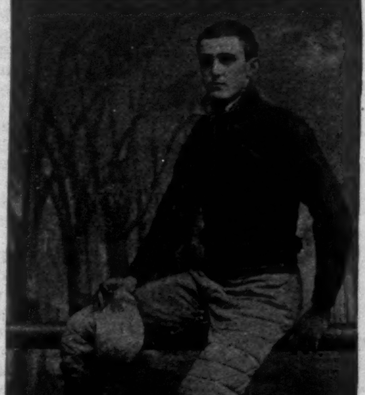
The New York Canoe Club will hold its annual sailing race off Bensonhurst, where the club-house is now located, June 11th. The most interesting event of the day, however, will be the trial races to choose the defender of the International Cup, in which some of the new canoes, embodying the ideas of several different owners, will be seen for the first time this season. It looks as though Barrington would again be the fortunate one, as he is in good shape, and the new canoes can hardly be got into racing trim so early in the season. The actual race for the cup will be sailed during the week ending June 25th, and those who want to have a look at Jones, the Canadian champion, previous to that time, should attend the regatta of the Marine and Field Club, June 18th, in Gravesend Bay. The programme, beginning in the morning at 10.30, is the best thus far presented. It includes a senior sculling race of 4½ miles; a War Canoe race, which will furnish great sport, especially if Yonkers and Crescents compete, as they are expected to do; a club sailing race, 4½ miles, one man from each club; and the sailing contest, 4½ miles, for the Marine and Field Club Cup, which must be won twice by one man to become his property. David Goddard, of Lowell, Massachusetts, secured it last year.

June 25th the Brooklyn Canoe Club holds its annual regatta of general races in Atlantic Basin.

The canoeing season, which really began Decoration day, will be a lively one this year.

The tennis tournament at Washington for the championship of the Southern Association has not been, at this writing, of very great interest. Owing to the poor form shown by local players, A. E. Wright, who is not playing a very strong game, was able to win from John C. Davidson, the District of Columbia champion, with ridiculous ease, 6–0, 6–2; and that he and R. V. Beach, who had defeated Oscar Woodward, 6–2, 7–5, should afterwards be beaten in the doubles by Davidson and Woodward, 4–6, 7–5, 6–4, rather shows that while these four are more or less on even terms, no one of them is likely to stand up against E. L. Hall, the Southern champion, if he shows up in any kind of form, when it comes to the final contest for the cup. It looks to-day (Thursday) as though Wright and Beach would contest the finals for that privilege.

The result of the first Yale-Princeton championship baseball game, May 23d, at New Haven, should send Yale deep into her thinking-cap. If without making an error to Princeton's four, receiving four bases on balls, and two more on passed balls, she was not able to earn a single run, what is to become of the blue in the next two games with Princeton, and where will it be when it goes against Harvard's heavy-batting nine? The one run the score shows is hardly to the credit of the Yale nine, since it was given them by Young sending a batter to first on balls and forcing home the runner on third, Bliss, who had originally reached first on 4 balls. Moreover, it looked very much as if Princeton would have tied the score had Rustin not held Ramsdell on 3d. The fielding of the Yale nine is sharp and clever, much more so than Princeton's, and a bit better than Harvard has shown. Bowers is not so brilliant as either Young or Highlands, but he is steady and patient, and uses his head. Carter will probably not be taken from behind the bat; his work is clean, and his throwing especially accurate. Jackson's work on first was especially noteworthy; he was quick and safe, and once or twice saved his infielders notice in the error column by his clever work. He is the best man Yale has had there this season, not excepting Carter, who, good as he was on first, is more at home where he is now. Norton and Murphy work well together, and are both strong players. Rustin is an improvement at third, and Case, Beall, and Bliss are a trio of tip-top out-fielders. Every one of them made good his chances, and Bliss made a most difficult running catch in deep right, and scored the play of the day by a fine throw to third.



CATCHER CARTER.

As a fielding team, Yale has little to wish for, but they cannot bat a little bit. In fact, a blight appears to have fallen on the batting of both Princeton and Yale. The men who could line the ball out last year seem to have forgotten all they ever knew about it, and when they do manage to find the ball, it is with the very weakest of taps, that rarely sends it out of the in-field. Of Yale, Murphy and Bliss seemed to be the only ones who had not lost the art, though Jackson did make a timely sacrifice.

Princeton's failure to do better with the stick is rather puzzling. Young, Ramsdell, and King, who last year were veritable sluggers, can't seem to do anything but pop up flies, while Wright, who has always been considered a sure out, has made a base hit nearly every game. However, I noticed considerable improvement in the work at New Haven in both fielding and batting. Young's work was especially brilliant in fielding, and, with one or two exceptions, he had control of the ball. Despite his uneven showing this season, I must hold to my opinion that Young is the ablest amateur in the pitcher's box. There is no part of the diamond he does not reach when necessary, and his delivery, when he is in form, is swift and puzzling.

Guild has been putting up a good game on first. He made an error at New Haven, but redeemed himself by stopping some extremely ugly throws from the in-field. By-the-way, I want to correct an error of my own. After the Harvard-Princeton game of May 7th, Guild was criticised for being "wool-gathering," and failing to see a ball Young sent him. It was Brown who threw the ball, and who should have seen before he sent it if Guild had his eye on him. Moreover, it was MacKenzie and not Trenchard who "misjudged a fly" in that game. Brown is not fulfilling expectations—two passed balls at New Haven, one for a base and a wretched throw to second, besides a failure to take advantage of an opportunity to throw a man out on third. Woodcock will do well on third if he keeps his wits and throws better to first. Ramsdell seems destined to fumble at important moments, and MacKenzie ought to profit somewhat by Wright's example, and put enough life in his movements to get under some of those difficult flies. Any one can catch a ball that comes right down into his hands.

While we are on the press Princeton is playing Harvard. At this writing it looks as though Princeton, on her batting and Young, would win from Yale, and that Harvard would win from both of them.

Putting Lynam at stroke will materially benefit the Harvard crew. He has all the qualifications for the position, and with Kelton behind him to carry back the stroke, the crew should be steady as a rock. Now if they get a little more life into their movements, and the proper "beat" to their stroke, they will come nearer to the standard the Harvard crew must reach to win at New London July 1st.

To-day the Yale crew is without doubt rowing much faster than Harvard. There is more life to their stroke, and they keep their oars in the water longer. So far as the men individually are concerned, Harvard has the advantage. Her men are in much the better condition, and their faces have not that care-worn expression which plainly tells the story that the Yale men are doing too much work. It is a pleasure, however, to watch them go at their work. Their oars catch the water sharply, and they are carried well home before being taken out. This is in marked contrast to the way the Harvard men handle their blades. The hands are shot away quickly, and the last part of the recover is well under control. Were they to race to-day, Yale would be so far ahead at two miles that Harvard would never catch her. Harvard must move quicker, or she will never defeat Yale this year.

The Dartmouth Athletic Board is very severely criticised for permitting O'Connor and Ranney to represent the college on the diamond, and why they are not protested since the championship games have begun is a question. It really is outrageous that such a state of affairs as disgraces New England college baseball should be tolerated, and that these men, O'Connor and Ranney, should be winning a championship in *amateur* ball for Dartmouth is too bad. It is at least gratifying that the press speaks of this battery as "professional," which is quite right, only the charges against them have been based on some such grounds as that O'Connor has played with the Ogdensburg professional team (which is by no means certain), and hence should be disqualified. The real truth of the matter is that Ranney and O'Connor went to Dartmouth to play ball, and not to study medicine.

A laughable incident in the whole deplorable business is that last year Dartmouth charged the University of Vermont with professionalism, and the charges were well founded so far as they touched Ranney. Now Dartmouth has the objectionable man, and is trying to pretend their nine has no professionalism in it!! Woodcock of Brown is another instance of the kind of men that hurt college baseball. He signed with the Pittsburg professional team, showing it was money he sought in baseball and not purely sport, and then threw up his contract, the Brown people paying his forfeit. He has now gone back to the professional club, where he belongs. The worst part of it is that these New England baseball captains and managers encourage professionalism by their methods of recruiting. Sexton's (Brown) attempt to get hold of Kinsella, of the University of Vermont, when he made the young man an offer in true professional style, is an instance.

It is wretched that such a condition of affairs should exist, and one of the reasons is the very lax ruling of the New England Association, of which the following article is a sample:

ARTICLE VII.

Section 1. Any student who has been pursuing a course of study throughout the entire collegiate year, and whose college expenses are in no way borne by men connected with baseball interests, shall be eligible for college nine. Any student who shall play on a professional baseball nine, or receive pay therefor, shall not be eligible. Questions of eligibility to be investigated and decided by the Judiciary Committee, on application of any college.

Sec. 2. Any regularly organized nine, *any of whose members are under contract*, shall be considered professional.

Some of the Williams and Amherst men have played on nines on which were men with whom contracts had been made, hence the difficulty. At Brown, Woodcock, Tenny, and Jones are currently reported to have signed contracts at Northampton last year, and the contracts are said to be still in the hands of Northampton parties.

This sort of thing is simply killing baseball among the smaller colleges of New England, and a disgraceful death it is dying, to be sure, while the Athletic Committees and Faculties stand passively by, saying much, but doing little.

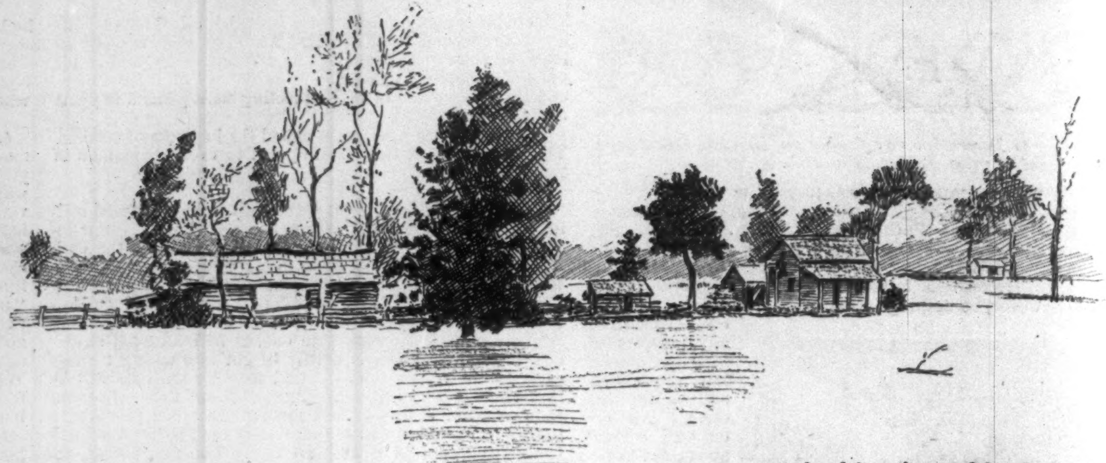
There was no space left last week to say that the management of the Yale Games Committee at the Harvard-Yale athletic contest, May 20th, was much inferior to the contests. There were many points on which they might be criticised, but the most obtrusive was the failure to provide an "announcer." A diminutive blackboard, which not over one-tenth of the spectators could see, did duty instead. The result was a very apathetic lot of spectators, and at a contest, too, that was close from the very start. In these college games every man, his college, and his performance should be announced; it would add tremendously to the "go," and turn a lot of shivering, listless on-lookers into cheering, interested followers. It would also fill empty seats.

Caspar W. Whitney.

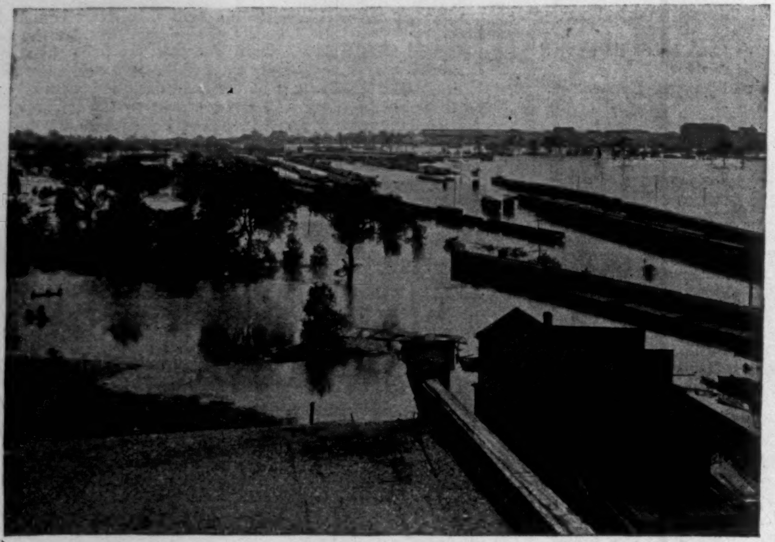
THE GREAT FLOODS OF 1892.

THE conditions of the floods this year differ in many ways from previous ones. In the first place, the season is later than usual. A protracted and exceptionally rainy season all through the central States has been the cause of the rising of the waters. In previous years March and April, as a rule, were the months of flood, due to the melting of the ice and snow in the mountains, and the freshets were not unexpected. But this year the flood has delayed its coming until in many cases the people considered themselves safe. The farms had been planted and the seeds had sprouted. In a number of districts the expected harvests of the fall have been above the ground, and all this work has been swept away. The labor of weeks has gone in a night, and the loss to the farmers is incalculable.

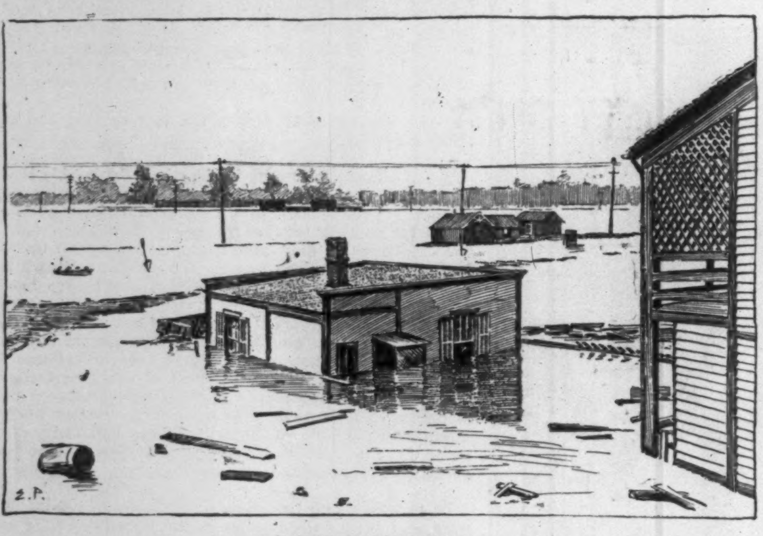
The floods began early in May in the West. This is the exception, for generally the waters begin to get choked up near the outlet, and the rise is gradual and upward. Louisiana suffers, as a rule, before Illinois or Missouri. The first reports came from the Illinois Valley, where the greatest flood in many years was raging. The little streams and rivers were swollen with the rains, and overflowed their banks on all sides. Later came the tributaries of the Mississippi and Missouri rivers, augmenting the volume of water that they already contained. This caused a back-up of the waters, or rather a stopping of the swift currents, while the waters from behind still poured down and broke from their banks and inundated the surrounding country. The floods continued to increase and the rain to fall. The Floyd River, which flows through the centre of Sioux City, Iowa, and joins the Missouri River a mile further on, had reached the level of its banks, when a fierce and towering wave swept down the current. Alarm was sent out as soon as its approach was learned, and the residents of the city near the river-side were warned, and also the people of the outlying low districts. But the rise was so sudden and awful that many persons knew not of it until the waters had engulfed them. This wave was an immense wall of water, speeding over the banks on either side, preceded by a veil of mist and foam. The river rose four feet in one hour, and the first floors of adjacent houses were flooded in an instant. At the juncture of the Floyd and Missouri rivers it was simply a swirl of wild waters, which spread in all directions when the torrent reached the point. The scenes of death accompanying this catastrophe were pitiful in the extreme. Fully a score of people, young and old, were swept away in the rush of waters and killed. Eight thousand people were driven from their homes, and the excitement was intense. The damage to railroad stock and to property in the city was very great, for many streets were completely flooded. Traffic was brought to a standstill and business was suspended. During the progress of the flood many deeds of heroism were wrought, and scores of people snatched from death by earnest workers. Never before has a like happening brought such ruin and distress to that section of the country. The extent of the damage done in the outlying districts will not be known for some time.



THE ILLINOIS LOW LANDS.
A View of the Submerged Portion of St. Louis as seen from the Eads Bridge looking East.



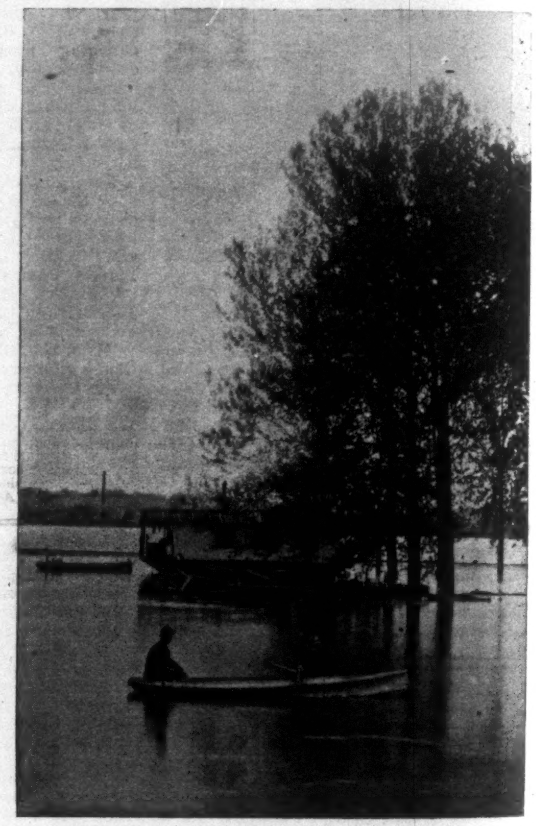
A PORTION OF THE FREIGHT YARD AT EAST ST. LOUIS.
Freight Trains at the Mercy of the Flood.



ON THE ILLINOIS SHORE.
A Bit of the Muddy Lake at East St. Louis.

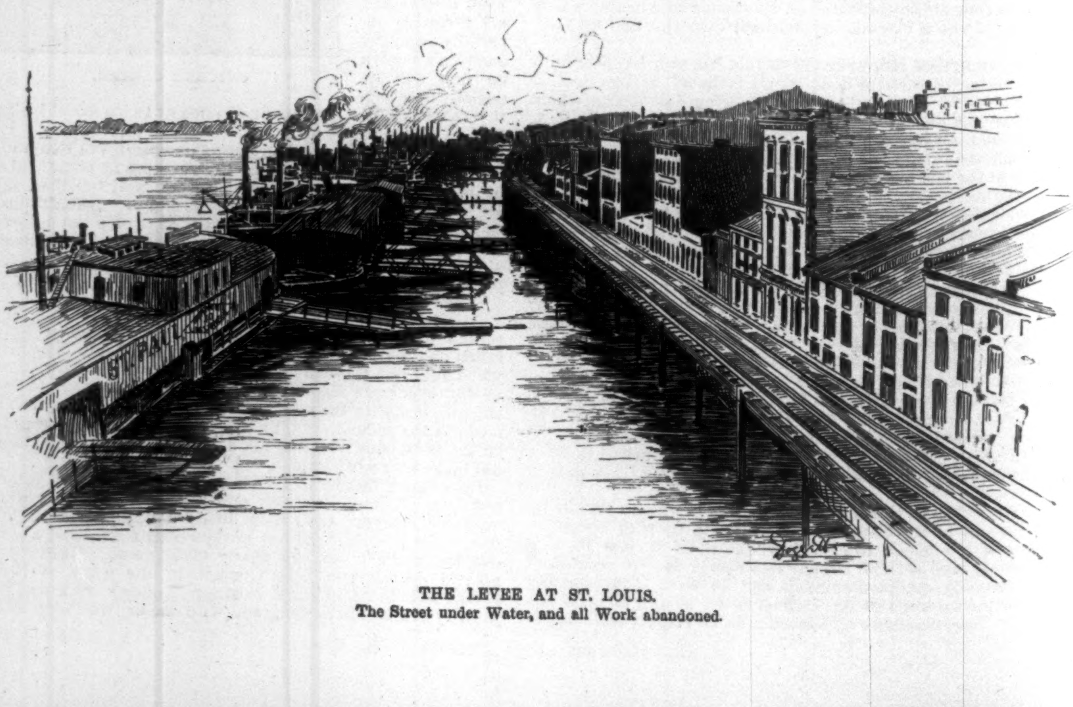
The Des Moines River and all the streams thereabouts added to the general distress, being swollen far beyond their normal proportions. The Mississippi received all these rising waters, and passed the flood levels of previous years, spreading ruin and terror to the country around. The Missouri grew in width and height, and placed all the towns along the banks under three to five feet of water. The rains fell steadily, and the low lands of Illinois, Iowa, and Missouri were all submerged. Wash-outs of railroads and destruction of bridges extended far to the west. Within those watery regions railroad traffic was dangerous, and trains were halted at all points. The entire system was demoralized, and the effects most disastrous. The floods spread into Ohio, and the Maumee River reached the height of nine years ago, devastating the adjoining country. Nebraska also suffered.

At Burlington, Iowa, the Mississippi River was five miles wide, and at the confluence of the Missouri and Mississippi, near St. Charles, Missouri, the country was turned into an enormous lake. Two hundred square miles of farm land were under water, and the bottoms at Missouri Point were several feet beneath the level of the rivers. The villages along the Mississippi were gradually submerged, and the inhabitants driven to the high lands and bluffs. Day by day the waters rose, and at St. Louis business along the water-front was paralyzed. It was reckoned that over four thousand people near the city were rendered homeless, and hundreds of acres of rich lands were beneath the water. The people living near the shore of East St. Louis, a town in Illinois directly opposite the city, were driven from their homes, and suffered from cold and hunger. The railroads which cross the St. Louis bridge at that point are built upon high embankments, which served to restrain the spreading of the floods, but it was a question as to how long they could withstand the pressure. Thousands of men in St. Louis were thrown out of employment, and lumber-yards, were depleted and warehouses collapsed before the wellnigh resistless flow. Misery and desolation reigned on all sides.

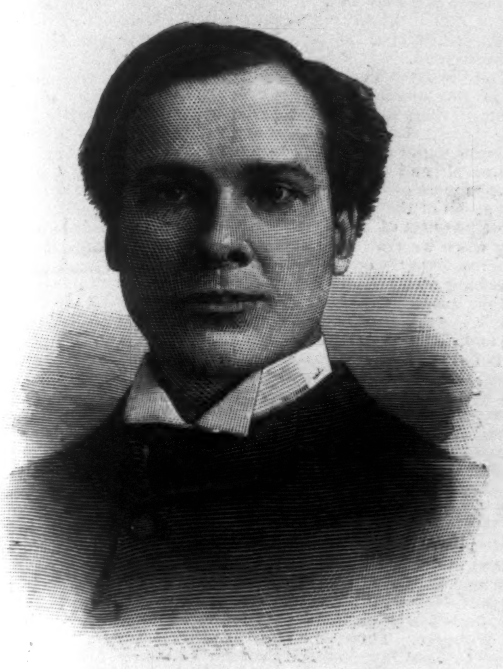


OPPOSITE ST. LOUIS.
The Encroachment of the Water on Illinois Territory.

Passing beyond St. Louis, the floods continued the work of destruction. The low lands below were covered, and to add to the horror, a cyclone swept over the country, destroying barns and farm-houses not reached by the water. Boats steamed up and down, rescuing whole families from peril-



THE LEVEE AT ST. LOUIS.
The Street under Water, and all Work abandoned.



DR. JACOB GOULD SCHURMAN.

ous positions, where they had been caught and encircled by the flood. Spreading over Illinois on one side, and Missouri on the other, the floods extended onwards to the Gulf, submerging all the low lands, and testing the levees, which, for the most part, firmly withstood the tide. The rivers in Arkansas had all overrun their banks, washing town and village on their way, and, joining the Mississippi, swelled the seaward-flowing flood. The Arkansas and the Red rivers reached heights that were almost unparalleled, causing the people to flee in haste, leaving their goods and chattels to the mercy of the waters.

Alarm was spread through the lower counties of Louisiana by the report that the Morganza Levee, the largest and most important along the river, had given way. It was later discovered to be a false alarm, but the rising of the river awoke grave fears. Later on, the fears were realized by a 175-foot break which occurred in the Gypsy Levee, just above New Orleans. Along the Mississippi and Arkansas crevasses had been worn in many of the levees, destroying the crops, and it was hoped that the force of the water would be lessened below, but the river suffered from no lack of water and pressure. The levee at the Hester plantation gave way on May 22d, swamping numerous plantations, and destroying valuable growing crops of sugar and tobacco. When the reports are finally made up, and the loss of life and property considered, this flood of 1892 will probably be the most destructive ever known. Even Oklahoma has suffered, and it is seldom that such extent of territory is laid under tribute by the fierce waters. It will be impossible to know the damage done to the crops, but already the price of corn has risen in anticipation. Thousands of head of cattle have been drowned, and the death list of the human victims will reach up to nearly a hundred. In many of the districts the residents have been overtaken and swept away, and through the Arkansas and Mississippi bottoms it is impossible to form any estimate of the number who have perished. The known unfortunates already make a long roll. The loss of life has been severest in Iowa and Arkansas, although other districts have their sad tales to add to the greater stories. All of the afflicted States count their damages up in the millions of dollars, and beyond the actual property destroyed, the loss of labor and time has its effect upon all business.

CORNELL'S NEW PRESIDENT.

DR. JACOB GOULD SCHURMAN, who was recently elected President of Cornell University, was born at Freetown, Prince Edward Island, May 22, 1854. He is descended from an old Dutch family which came to New Amsterdam about the middle of the seventeenth century. His grandfather was born in New Rochelle, New York, in the year 1782, and was carried by his father, who was a Tory, to the British provinces when two years of age.

The subject of this sketch lived on his father's farm till twelve years of age, attending school uninterruptedly. In 1867 he became clerk in a general store at Summerside, Prince Edward Island, a position which he held for over two years. Resolving then to have an education, he attended for a year the Summerside Grammar-School, and in 1870 won the first of the six scholarships established by the government at Prince of Wales College, Charlottetown. Late in 1873 he entered the Sophomore class of Acadia College, Nova Scotia, where he remained for a year and a half, leading his class in all subjects, and winning several money prizes. In 1875 he won the Canadian Gilchrist scholarship in connection with the University of London, which was worth $500 a year for the three years. Two years later he graduated at the University of London with the University scholarship ($250 a year for three years) in philosophy. He was also first man in Greek, English, logic, philosophy, and political economy in University College, winning in the latter a scholarship of $100 a year for two years. In 1877-8 he was a student in Paris and Edinburgh. He took his doctor's degree in philosophy in 1878, being the only successful candidate of the five who applied. In June, 1878, he won the Hibbert Travelling Fellowship ($1000 a year for two years), which is open to all graduates of British universities, and was competed for by over sixty men from Oxford, Cambridge, Edinburgh, Dublin, etc. He spent the next two years studying as Hibbert Fellow at Heidelberg, Berlin, and Göttingen, as well as in Italy.

In the year 1880 he made the acquaintance of President White, who was then American Minister to Germany, and who in 1885 recommended him for a chair at Cornell. From 1880 to 1882 he was Professor of English Literature, Political Economy, and Psychology at Acadia College, Nova Scotia, and from 1882 to 1886 Professor of Metaphysics and English Literature in Dalhousie College. Since that date he has been head of the Philosophical Department at Cornell—first as Sage Professor of Philosophy, and since 1891 as Dean of the Sage School of Philosophy.

In the work of instruction at Cornell, Professor Schurman has always had large and enthusiastic classes. His influence has been gradually extending, and since the establishment of the Sage School of Philosophy, advanced students have come from foreign and from other American universities to complete their studies. At the founding of the Stanford University he was appointed non-resident lecturer in Ethics. He gave his first course of lectures there in March last.

DO YOU ADMIRE JOHN CHINAMAN'S COMPLEXION?

PROBABLY not. Even were John's eyes not cut on a bias and his nose broad in the beam, his tint would stamp him as the reverse of beautiful. Yet a white man with the jaundice is of the same hue, only more pronounced. Biliousness, with its symptoms of furred tongue, yellowish skin and eyeballs, pains in the right side, sick headaches, vertigo, must if unchecked culminate in jaundice and congestion of the liver. Remedy this trouble and remove its attendant symptoms, dyspepsia and constipation, with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which also cures malaria, rheumatic and kidney troubles.—[*Adv.*]

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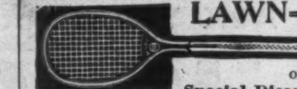

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JUNE.

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Dotting the meadow-land over,
So softly croon?
Love is the word
Everywhere heard
In June, June, June.

What says the breeze to the flowers?
What lisps the vine to the bowers,
'Neath the fair moon?
Love is the word
Everywhere heard
In June, June, June.

What is the butterfly singing
While through the garden close winging?
List to the tune!
Love is the word
Everywhere heard
In June, June, June.

What sing the lads to the lasses?
What sings the sun to the grasses
When it is noon?
Love is the word
Everywhere heard
In June, June, June.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

COACHING.

THE continued prosperity of the New York Coaching Club and the success of the annual Meets are in themselves fitting tributes to the sportsmanship of these gentlemen, who, despite many obstacles, have brought what people at first were disposed to ridicule to the dignity of one of the year's "fixtures." Few of those who now look upon the Coaching Club's drive through Central Park as an event not to be missed, consider, if indeed they remember, the raillery which greeted the first turn-out in '76, and the early years of the club's displays. But it was not long before mockery was turned to admiration, and to-day coaching is as popular with the masses as with the favored few. It really is noteworthy how strong the coaching sentiment has grown, especially in the last few years.

It is not many years since all the coaches in this country were practically confined to this city, but it is quite different now. We are rapidly growing to an appreciation of this too-long-neglected good old-fashioned sport. Philadelphia has now a club, and only two weeks ago (May 16th) gave its third and most successful Meet. There were nine coaches in line, in the following order: E. Rittenhouse Miller, Edward Browning, Joseph Early Wideners, C. Davis English, Samuel F. Houston, J. C. Mercer Biddle, H. Pratt McKean, Jun., and H. K. Kaner. The scene along the line of drive was one that could not be witnessed probably anywhere else in this country. To begin with, the Quaker City has the most picturesque drives imaginable, and that chosen by the club was simply lined by spectators, while at the start one would have fancied the entire city had turned out to see the sight.

Boston is better off in a coaching way than either Philadelphia or New York. They have had no Meet this year thus far; but what is more to the pleasure of the club members, they have established a coach between the Hub and Wayland, and it has had the most successful season in the history of American coaching. If there are suburbs more beautiful and more adapted to coaching than those of Boston, no one has yet made the discovery. Last autumn, I believe, was Boston's first attempt in this direction, when Messrs. E. D. Beylard, C. H. Joy, and F. H. Prince, at the close of the Beverly season, made a run with the Independence from Boston to Auburndale. It was the first genuine coaching Boston had enjoyed, and the denizens simply out-Olivered Oliver in calling for more. During the winter, Messrs. Beylard, Joy, and Prince had another and heavier coach, the Constitution, built, and from the moment it began running this spring, every seat has been booked days and weeks in advance. The Constitution is one of the best road coaches in the country to-day. It is pleasing to the eye, with its yellow panels, black-red running-gear, and brazen hubs, and of very easy motion. The start is made at 11 o'clock from the Vendome Hotel, and the return trip at 2.30, reaching the hotel again at 4.25. The drive is one of the most enjoyable, with roadways such as we cannot hope to find about New York, and glorious scenery that is a constant and delightful revelation. So successful has this coaching experiment been that when the season ends, July 1st, there is a well-founded understanding that the Independence, under the proprietorship of Mr. Thomas Hitchcock, Jun., and Messrs. Beylard and Eustis, will be put on the Beverly road.

Here in New York, if we had roads that would permit of it, we also would have a daily coach running probably to the Country Club of Westchester County; a beautiful drive, but one that carries consternation to all whips. We used to have a coach under the joint proprietorship of Messrs. Bronson, Roosevelt, and others, and it was successful; but these gentlemen were obliged to abandon it because of the wretched condition of the roadways. As there seems to be no immediate prospect of improvement in this direction, it is hard to say when we shall have another opportunity of viewing the country from the coach-top. While Boston and Philadelphia coaching men are enabled by the natural order of things to rather outdo us on the road, the annual Meet of the New York Coaching Club continues to be the one towards which all look for the perfection of equipment and form. Not that it is faultless, for there have been each year several points open to criticism; but, after all, probably we have been a bit hypercritical. Certain it is that the quality of cattle and equipment has been steadily improving each year, until the New York Meet is not excelled in matter of form either in England or France.

For the last two years the club has been unfortunate in having so many members unable to turn out, either from being in mourning or from absence.

This year, for instance, the Belmonts—August, Perry, and Oliver—W. S. Webb, J. R. Roosevelt, R. W. Rives, R. Mortimer, and F. T. Underhill, are all in mourning, and consequently were not seen. The absent list includes Fairman Rogers, Ogden Mills, James Gordon Bennett, Charles H. Joy, W. Forbes Morgan, J. J. Van Alen, W. K. Vanderbilt, and G. P. Wetmore. Those who turned out on Saturday, May 28th, were Colonel Jay, Frederic Bronson, Charles F. Havemeyer, Prescott Lawrence, Eugene Higgins (a new member), F. K. Sturgis, F. O. Beach (with the old club coach Pioneer), Charles Carroll, and W. P. Douglas. The rendezvous, at 11.30, was on the road leading from the Eighth Avenue entrance to the Mall. The drive was up the west side of the Park and to McGown's Pass Tavern; thence, returning by east side, review at the Pass, and luncheon afterwards at Claremont. Paper going to press before the event precludes comment on teams.

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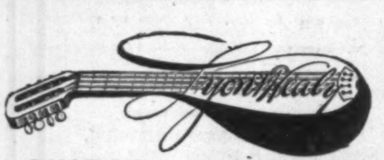

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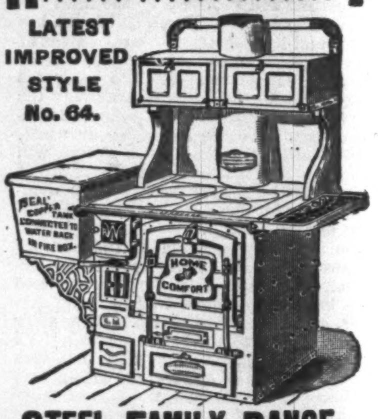
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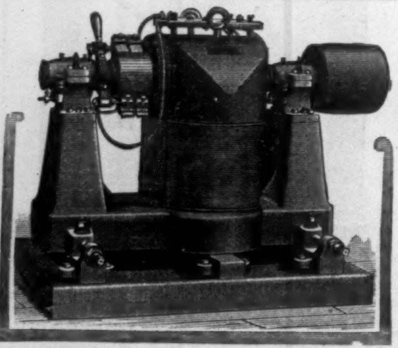

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